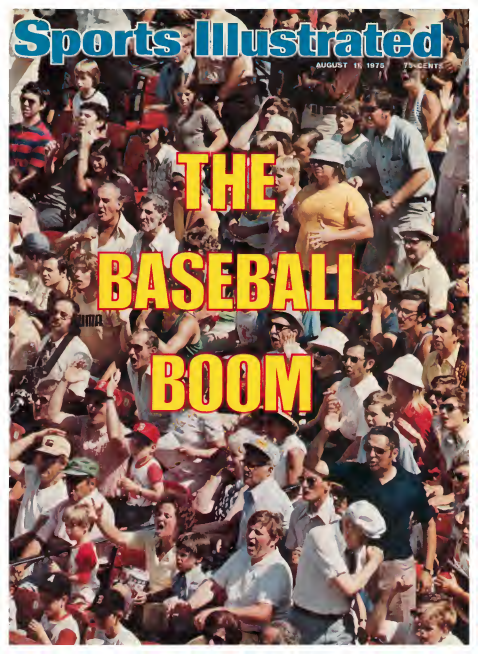




Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 11, 1975

75 CENTS

THE BASEBALL BOOM

Don't sell yourself short, move up to today's cigarette.



Longer...
yet
milder



Pall Mall Gold 100's...lower in 'tar'
than the best-selling short (70 mm.) cigarette.

PALL MALL GOLD 100's: "tar" 20 mg. nicotine, 1.4 mg.
Best-selling regular size (70mm): "tar" 25 mg. nicotine, 1.6 mg.
Of all brands, lowest: "tar" 2 mg. nicotine, 0.2 mg.
20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report April '75.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Indispensable reference volumes that belong in every sports library

Take all 4 for only \$7

If you join the SPORTS ILLUSTRATED BOOK CLUB, you can now and agree to buy as few as four more books within the next year.

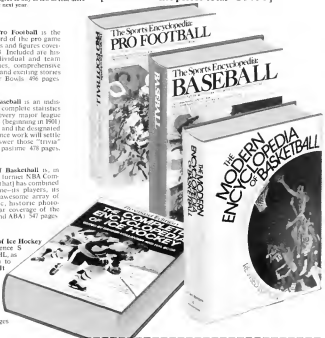
[Publishers' list prices total \$59.80]

The Sports Encyclopedia: Pro Football is the first complete statistical record of the pro game—a major compilation of facts and figures covering all field action since 1933. Included are historical summaries, full individual and team achievements in all categories, comprehensive information on every player, and exciting stories of championships and Super Bowls. 496 pages. Publisher's list price: \$14.95

The Sports Encyclopedia: Baseball is an indispensable guide that presents complete statistics relating to every player on every major league team from the dead ball years (beginning in 1904) right down to the present day and the designated hitter. This remarkable reference work will settle all your arguments, even answer those "trivia" questions about our national pastime. 478 pages. Publisher's list price: \$14.95

The Modern Encyclopedia of Basketball is, in the words of Walter Kennedy, former NBA Commissioner, a "definitive work [that] has combined the human story of the game—its players, its teams, its coaches—with an awesome array of vital statistics and dramatic, historic photographs." Features year-by-year coverage of the colleges and the pros (NBA and ABA). 547 pages. Publisher's list price: \$14.95

The Complete Encyclopedia of Ice Hockey has been acclaimed by Clarence S. Campbell, President of the NHL, as a "truly prestigious addition to the literature of the game." It brings you an incredibly complete picture of both the NHL and the WHA from their beginnings, with the record of every man who ever wore the jersey of a team in either league. Over 200 photographs. 392 pages. Publisher's list price: \$14.95



HOW MEMBERSHIP WORKS

- Fifteen times a year (about every three and a half weeks) we will send you, without charge, the Sports Illustrated Book Club News—a scouting report on the best sports books available. The News describes the upcoming Selection as well as many Alternates. To receive the Selection, you do nothing. It will be sent to you automatically. If you want an Alternate—or no book at all—reply on the reply form provided and return the form in time to reach us by the date specified.
- If, because of late mail delivery of the News, you receive a Selection without having had at least ten days to decide whether you want it, that Selection may be returned at Club expense.
- As a member you need buy only four Selections or Alternates out of the hundred or so that will be offered to you during the next year, most at prices averaging considerably less than regular publishers' prices, and your membership may be canceled anytime thereafter.

Sports Illustrated® Book Club

OPERATED BY Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc.
Camp Hill, Pennsylvania 17012

5-5B174-B-1

Please enroll me as a member of the Sports Illustrated Book Club and send me *The Sports Encyclopedia: Pro Football*, *The Sports Encyclopedia: Baseball*, *The Modern Encyclopedia of Basketball* and *The Complete Encyclopedia of Ice Hockey* (billed me only \$7 for all four volumes (publishers' list prices total \$59.80)). I agree to purchase at least four additional Selections or Alternates during the coming year, paying in most cases, special members' prices. My membership is cancelable any time after I buy the four additional books. A shipping charge is added to all shipments.

13

Mr. _____ (Please print plainly)
Ms. _____
Address _____ Apt. _____
City & _____
State _____ Zip _____

☐ Check here if you are under 25 years of age.
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is a registered trademark of Time Incorporated.

Sports Illustrated Book Club
Camp Hill, Pennsylvania 17012

Before somebody teaches you about business insurance, ask who taught him.



No longer can a man get by with a little bit of schooling, a sparkling personality and a rate book. Business insurance is complex. And changing every other day.

So we put all our agents through a rigorous training period of 33 months.

Then many of them enroll at the American College of Life Underwriters to become CLU's. It takes about five years and we pay the expenses.

But just learning the ABC's of business insurance isn't enough.

We back our agents with a team of specialists. Not only at headquarters. But also on the staff of the local agencies. Group insurance specialists. Pension



**THE
LINCOLN NATIONAL
LIFE INSURANCE
COMPANY**

specialists. Profit sharing, variable annuity and deferred compensation specialists. People who also keep our agents up-to-date on taxes.

We've installed special television equipment in the local agencies. When we have a new idea on business insurance we explain it to our agents on videotape.

Many of our agencies have computer terminals. They're connected to the master computer at the home office. Everything we know about business insurance is at our local agent's fingertips. And yours.

When a Lincoln National agent knocks on your door you can be sure of one thing.

His knowledge comes from more than just the school of hard knocks.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

It has been observed that Special Contributor Kenny Moore's manuscripts arrive at our office uncommonly free of spelling errors and split infinitives. There is a good reason for this, since in his wife Bobbie, Moore has a live-in editor. "Almost nothing goes out of here without her imprimatur," he says. "If it does, it usually returns rather quickly."

This week Bobbie has put aside her editor's blue pencil and shares with us her views on running, after six years of researching its sensations. In that time she has gone from accompanying Olympic marathoner Kenny on his gentler jogs to becoming a runner with solid racing credentials of her own. In 1971 she ran her first marathon in five hours. Last October she won the women's division of the Oregon Track Club marathon in 3:30:07, just seven seconds shy of the qualifying time for the Boston Marathon. During the same period she lowered her mile time from seven minutes to 5:40.6, an improvement she credits to weight lifting and to lengthening her morning run to five miles. The rewards of all this are evocatively described in *A Fever Running Through the Streets*, which begins on page 26.

MOORE: BLUE STREAK, BLUE PENCIL



Bobbie's lineage is what is known in her native Hawaii as "hapa-haole," or "cosmopolitan." In her case, that means a mixture of French, Chinese, Irish, Filipino, Spanish and Japanese. It is obviously a most fortuitous blend, since she is both a Phi Beta Kappa and a former Miss Hawaii.

"You have to understand that Bobbie's running is just one manifestation of a recurring pattern," reports Kenny. "It begins with her kind of casually getting interested in something. Pretty soon she's begun studying, or practicing, and I have to cook dinner for a while. After a few months, she's either writing about it, or figuring out how to overthrow the national organization." Her enthusiasm for running not only has Bobbie doing 70 miles of training a week, but she also is co-authoring an instruction manual on field events for the Sports Illustrated Library. Last year Bobbie became interested in the Oregon Track Club's program for women. Now she directs it, and this week is in Denver helping present Eugene's bid for the Olympic track trials.

Bobbie is a founder of the Northwest Editorial Guild, a group of editors, graphic artists and translators. Her love of the language derives from a childhood as a six-volume-per-week bookworm. Her work is distinguished by a fixation on accuracy developed during a year as a feature writer for the Honolulu *Star-Bulletin*. Yet Bobbie makes her editorial changes with a soft word and downcast eyes. "She'll be going over one of my stories," says Kenny, "and she'll sigh. Sometimes, when the blue pencil has to be used to clarify an obscure passage, she'll murmur, 'Poor baby.' If she finds an error in fact, she'll say, 'Poor deranged baby.'" Which brings up the question: Did Kenny edit Bobbie's article on running? "I'm not that deranged," he says.

Sack Meyer

Founder: Henry R. Luce 1898-1967

Editor-in-Chief: Harlan Compton

Chairman of the Board: Andrew Haskett

President: James R. Shepley

Group Vice President, Magazines: Arthur W. Taylor

Vice-Chairman: Roy E. Siskett

Managing Editor: Roy Tennill

Executive Editor: Ray Cook

Assistant Managing Editors: John Tobey, Jeremiah T. C.

Carter, George

Art Director: Richard Gattani

Senior Editors:

John Bennett, Victor Brinkman, John L. Brinkley, Peter Can-

field, Jeffery S. Cramer, Barbara La Fontaine, Scott Lavin, Bob

Lippert, William O. Moore, Robert F. Jones, William

Lippert, Hamilton B. Mack, Gail Pinsky, Wilfredo Towner,

John Lippert

Associate Editors: Bob Brown, Joseph Carroll, Gay Head,

Virginia Kays, Mary Kennedy, Gary Kohn, Robert J. Kohn, David

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark Kohn, Mark

Let American Express take you on a Caribbean Hilton Pleasure Chest Holiday.

Caribe Hilton, San Juan

\$122.50; 8 days, 7 nights
You'll find San Juan's festive Spanish flavor. Daytime sports, nighttime entertainment, and social activities galore. Try your luck at the Casino.

Mayagüez Hilton

\$112.00; 8 days, 7 nights
On Puerto Rico's unspoiled West Coast. A club-like atmosphere amid 25 acres of lush tropical gardens. Enjoy the swimming pool, fishing pond, night-lighted tennis courts—and a free cocktail party.

Barbados Hilton

\$119.00; 8 days, 7 nights
Soft, white sandy beaches hug a turquoise sea. There's fine dining, your own personalized bottle of rum, and free tennis and skin-diving lessons.

Trinidad Hilton

\$99.00; 8 days, 7 nights
You'll receive a complimentary Coco Loco rum cocktail when you reach the "carnival island." You'll get a free tennis lesson, and discounts on Herbs rental car. Colypso, limbo, and enjoy the free steel band shows. Everyone does!



Curaçao Hilton

\$119.00; 8 days, 7 nights
This fantastic island in the Netherlands Antilles is a Dutch treat. Take a glass-bottomed boat ride, scuba dive, and play tennis after your champagne breakfast on the beach. Then on to the Casino with your complimentary \$5 stake.

Jamaica Hilton

\$111.00; 8 days, 7 nights
On the fashionable North Shore at Ocho Rios, you'll enjoy nightly shows, daily fun, and nearby golf. Night-lighted tennis and a beautiful palm-fringed beach await you. Free transfers from Montego Bay Airport.

Caracas Hilton

\$127.60; 8 days, 7 nights
In the city of eternal spring you'll have a nightswimming tour, tennis lessons, a pool-side chase, and fabulous entertainment at night. It's cosmopolitan Spain in South America.

Hilton Family Plan.

Ask about the Hilton Family Plan that lets children regardless of age, stay in your room at no additional charge. You'll all have a great time sailing, swimming, and sunbathing at the Caribbean Hiltons this year.

*Valid through Dec. 31, 1979 except Caracas valid through Nov. 30, 1979.

All of the Caribbean Hiltons offer Pleasure Chest Holidays for honeymooners, golfers, island hoppers, tennis buffs, and people who just want to get away from it all. Per-person price is based on double occupancy without meals. But there's a Modified American Plan available that offers breakfast and dinner included in the package.

Put your Pleasure Chest Holiday on the American Express® Card. When you pick up the exciting Pleasure Chest Holidays book, ask your travel agent about the American Express Sign & Travel® Plan. It's the perfect way to vacation now, and pay later. Have a happy holiday!



The American Express Card. Don't leave home without it.

The Land of the Free didn't come cheap.



Even before we had a formal constitution, investors were asked to buy over \$27,000,000 in securities to provide the arms we needed. And to provide the money to rebuild.

That was just the beginning. Through war and peace, the good years and the bad, Americans have always given freely. Millions invested their

money. Many invested their lives.

We've never stopped fighting for freedom. For the American way of life.

Today, over 9½ million Americans buy U.S. Savings Bonds through the Payroll Savings Plan.

Maybe you should consider your interest and take stock in America. It isn't cheap, but there's never been a better deal.

New 5 Bonds pay 6% interest when held to maturity of 5 years. 4 1/2% the first year. Lost, stolen or destroyed Bonds can be replaced if records are provided. When needed, Bonds can be cashed at your bank. Interest is not subject to state or local income taxes, and federal tax may be deferred until redemption.



Take stock in America.

200 years at the same location.

Shopwalk

by MARTHA SMILGS

It's here, the aerospace entry in the racket war—the invincible graphite-reinforced tennis racket that boasts just about everything except an automatic return system and remote-controlled autoplay. But snob value and the latest in tennis chic do not come cheap. The Cannon racket, produced by Aldis Inc., originator of graphite golf shafts, costs \$200 unstrung. This futuristic weapon is coal-black with yellow racing stripes, open-throated with a calfskin grip and can be obtained in airy weights ranging from 11 to 13 ounces.

If the price seems a little steep, you can select the C-6 (C for carbon, from which graphite is derived, and 6 for its atomic number) for a mere \$139 unstrung. The big gun of ProGroup, Inc., the C-6 is also black and striped.

Though differing in design, the Cannon and C-6 have the same basic content—graphite fibers imbedded in a plastic matrix. According to the manufacturers, the effect is similar to burying steel rods in concrete—great strength with comparative lightness. Graphite frames are supposed to deliver faster serves and livelier shots, tempered by control. The stiffness of the face and stem elim-

GRAPHITE, ANYONE? IT'S THE LAST WORD IN SNOB VALUE, THE \$200 TENNIS RACKET

inates torque and increases the size of the sweet spot. The frame is heat resistant and "virtually indestructible"; it won't shred, unravel or become "mushy" like wood. The only old-fashioned thing about these rackets is the one-year guarantee.

Just a few years ago the Smashers, Fiberglass and X-000s were going to wipe rackety old wood off the market. But today, racket sales for metal and nonwood composites (such as the fiber-glass-skinned aluminum models) have leveled off, and wood is again on the rise. Cheap versions of the metal and synthetic rackets bombed because of structural flaws. Welded or riveted, they have a tendency to snap, and the strings pressing against metal often pop. General "fatigue" sets in and many players find their gleaming

rackets useless. Wood may splinter, warp, wilt and clack out a "thunk" instead of a precision-tuned "ping," yet for \$30 to \$40 a sound shopper can still get a durable racket from the smorgasbord of models available, e.g., Wilson's Jack Kramer or the Davis Imperial. However, in the \$10-to-\$20 range, most of the rackets are made of low-grade wood and are not carefully balanced. They serve only as a throwaway for the rookie debating whether or not to stay on the courts.

Given the abundance of reasonably priced rackets, it is difficult to imagine any carthing in need of these graphite wonders. At the moment, only the tennis junkie who do-voours five or six rackets per year seems a likely customer. The pros will continue to use the rackets they are paid to play with.

For the intermediate player, the hairline differences are negligible. President Ford, who averages a game a fortnight, says of his graphite racket, "It helps make a poor game a slight bit better." But then, too, the extra zap may magnify errors—like smashing the ball out of the court with twice the velocity. In the end, nothing will repair fractured strokes and transform a game from cotton balls to ballistic missiles but practice. **END**

BOOKTALK

by JAY CRONLEY

Total Fitness: In 30 Minutes a Week (Simon and Schuster, \$6.95) is a book with a message. The message is that *Total Fitness* made the bestseller list, which probably proves that people have been reading books when they should have been exercising.

Total Fitness: In 30 Minutes a Week is a title that will catch your eye if it is not already faded shut. Coauthored by Laurence E. Morehouse, Ph.D., and Leonard Gross, writer, the book is a thriller, because it is assumed by the average loafer that total fitness can only be achieved after a concentrated thrust of dashes and duck walks, followed by a two-course meal of sweets and burk.

The text concerns itself with something close to our hearts, fat, or in Dr. Morehouse's considered opinion, "pendulous masses hanging on your body," or in my opinion, pleasant pendulous masses hanging on your body.

I told the woman at the bookstore, "I want this book for my fat cousin," and she said, "So does everybody," and she told me to do 120 sit-ups a night and buy a \$25 biography.

"Buy the biography," the bookstore owner said, "and lift it over your head 150 times a night."

... OR YOU CAN BUY A \$25 BIOGRAPHY AND LIFT IT OVERHEAD 150 TIMES A NIGHT

Consider my diet. I have been on some exotic ones, such as the sweet potato diet, which stipulated that a person could eat as much sweet potato as he wished, while losing six pounds a week, as long as he kept moving as to not to root.

Dr. Morehouse's weight-reduction program is based on gradual weight loss. By eliminating 200 calories a day while burning an additional 300 calories a day, you will whittle off 3,500 calories a week, or one pound of fat.

Various ways to burn calories are listed, including tennis (71 calories are burned a minute) and golf (five calories a minute, which is good news to us golfers because I thought sneering used more calories than golf). Dr. Morehouse implies that by merely doing routine activities briskly, you can easily get rid of

300 calories a day. Also, with gradual weight reduction, as opposed to a crash diet, your clothes won't fall off at once.

The beginner's fitness-building exercise program is as effortless as the weight-reduction plan. It is predicated on using your pulse as a speedometer, and exercising to your heart's capabilities. The initial 10-minute program involves such compassionate exercises as the pushaway (pushing yourself away from a wall), the suback (a reverse sit-up) and a choice of activity that will raise your heart rate to the proper level for five minutes.

In addition to being slimmer and fitter than I was 30 minutes ago, I am also gibber, because in the book Dr. Morehouse discusses 15 fitness myths, my favorite being that big muscles make you stronger. I told a friend of mine how I went through a \$125 muscle-building course of this myth, and it was verified when his \$45 forearms couldn't tear Dr. Morehouse's \$6.95 book in half.

Although some exercises seem geared for the executive whose most recent exercise was sniffing wine, even a reasonably fit person can learn something from the book. I learned that you can lose weight or become fitter without injuring yourself. **END**

SCORECARD

Edited by WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON

ROZELLE'S RETREAT

Though the Rozelle Rule has not yet been officially overturned, its days seem numbered, particularly since the commissioner retreated last week in the face of a sharp and thoughtful rebuke from Federal Judge Warren J. Ferguson.

The scene was the U.S. District Courtroom in Los Angeles and the case was that of Ram Running Back Cullen Bryant vs. the National Football League. The suit involved Commissioner Pete Rozelle's arbitrary award of Bryant to Detroit as compensation for the Rams' signing of free agent Wide Receiver Ron Jessie, a former Lion.

Bryant's suit was based on claims of antitrust infringement on his rights as an individual to pursue his chosen profession. During the hearing Judge Ferguson delivered a stern sermon to the NFL on the use and abuse of power. "With all power goes correlative responsibility of fair dealing and fair play. The economic power of the National Football League as demonstrated by this case is truly awesome. That may be the way it has to be if there is going to be an NFL. Such awesome control of the commissioner may be necessary for the effective management of the league. A trial may well show that. But the rule of reason cannot merely be wiped aside by such necessities."

An attorney for the NFL argued that players had to assume the risk of being traded when they signed contracts. "Yes, that's what your brief says," said Ferguson, "but the right of the commissioner to force a trade, while being legal, may not necessarily be right." Ferguson thereupon issued a restraining order that kept Bryant with the Rams.

Rozelle thereupon awarded the Lions a first-round draft choice—an abstract being—instead of Cullen Bryant, he of flesh, blood and feelings.

GOOD ADVICE

At the Louisville First National Classic last week, Ilie Nastase and Arthur Ashe were doubles partners for the first time.

Jimmy Connors, Nastie's regular partner, came along to "coach," and seemed to inspire his friend to ever greater reaches of buffoonery. Ilie arrived at the Tennis Center for a match with his head covered; he removed the cover to show his face, which he had darkened to approximately the color of Ashe's skin. During the match he tried to hit a shot behind his back, and blocked off a linesman trying to check a call, telling him to sit down. At the tie breaker he couldn't remember who was serving and, though he and Ashe won, he shook hands with his partner a point too soon.

Said Nastase about Ashe, "This guy confuses me more than anyone I know."

Said Ashe to Nastase, "Get serious."

LOST AND FOUND

Lilly and Isa, the two circus elephants that escaped into the dense brush around Hugo, Okla. (SI, Aug. 4), eluding capture for nearly three weeks, are back under the big top. Isa was spotted early last week by 20-year-old Billy Joe East-

terwood as she grazed in the Easterwood pasture, about 15 miles from where the sheriff's posse was searching. "She couldn't have gotten here without swimming either Hugo Lake or the Kiamichi River and crossing Highway 70," said Billy Joe's mother. Brad Wells, a high school sophomore, was taking lay when he spotted Lilly three miles east of Hugo Lake two days later. Both animals were brought down with tranquilizer guns and hauled out of the woods in outside trucks. Said a spokesman for Sheriff James Buchanan, "We're celebrating with a barbecue. Then we'll get back to our main business, which is looking for crooks, not elephants."

EBBING FLOOD

A correspondent on the Spanish island of Majorca sent the following report:

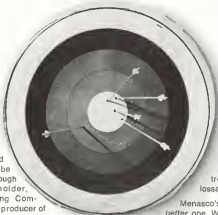
"When the Sixth Fleet used to arrive in Majorca, one of the favorite places for sailors to visit was the Rustic Inn, a 14-stool bar in the center of Palma. The attraction was the bartender, Curt Flood. He had his trophies, newspaper clippings and cover pictures from SPORTS ILLUSTRATED decorating the walls, and he used to recount baseball stories at great length. The Navy still visits the Rustic Inn, but Curt Flood isn't there anymore. About a year ago, he disappeared from the bar and the island, along with the woman he was living with and her teenage son. He took his trophies and his clippings, and left behind some bills. No one knew where he went.

"I was in Andorra recently and I learned he was there. When he first arrived, he was unable to rent an apartment because he was black. He was told by Andorran authorities he could stay in the country if he had funds, but he would not be granted a work permit. Thus, he was unable to do other than menial jobs. For some time he was a carpet layer, living in one cramped room above Nelson's Tavern, a pizzeria owned by a British subject. Now he has moved from that apartment to another, but he still uses Nelson's Tavern as his contact address. In a 'rogue's gallery' above the bar which includes photos of 40 regular customers, Flood's picture is the only one with a caption. It reads: 'Super Hermit.' He is generally liked, although everyone comments on his drinking habits.

"He is said to often voice regret that he ever made his sensational stand and walked out of baseball and turned his



When your company already has a good score on controlling losses, you're faced with a question. Is it good enough?



A company with a good insurance record may be inclined to let well enough alone. Not our policyholder, Menasco Manufacturing Company, the world's largest producer of aircraft landing gear and associated hardware, at plants in California, Texas and Canada.

Employers of Wausau challenged Menasco to become our partner in making their good record even better. They accepted.

Our help in conducting safety training clinics for their foremen and supervisors was especially productive, according to Menasco.

For their part, Menasco increased their safety manager's responsibilities — just one example of

their willingness to be an active participant in controlling their own insurance losses and costs.

Menasco's good record became a better one. Workers' compensation loss ratios were down to 35% last year. Even lower in fleet auto coverage.

This is further proof that until the *insured* enters into the partnership spirit, no one has a right to great expectations.

If you are willing to be our working partner in preventing losses — so you can earn favorable insurance rates — you're invited to join us. We're the people who know business insurance like nobody else in the business.

COME TO THE SOURCE Get the Wausau Story



EMPLOYERS INSURANCE OF WAUSAU, Wausau, Wisconsin

back on America. He is not very keen on meeting the press. A friend of mine lent him a flat. She invited him to meet me, but because I am from Majorca and because I am a journalist, he declined. He sent the boy instead who just said to tell everyone, 'Curt's fine.'"

REEREGRESS

Robert Trent Jones Jr. recently concluded negotiations to build a striking new golf course for the government—hold onto your party card, comrade—the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

The course is to be located on the wooded banks of the Moscow River about 15 miles from Red Square. Jones was in Moscow early this summer, and presented a set of golf clubs to the mayor, Vladimir Promyslov, who had never seen such weapons of capitalist recreation before. One man who had, however, was Vladimir Kuznetsov, a former Soviet foreign service officer and now a translator. He had learned the game while stationed at the U.S.S.R.'s Malaysia mission.

"Kuznetsov had a great sense of humor," says Jones. "He told us that golf was not an ideological game, but a sport for the people—especially for himself. When we gave the mayor a copy of the USGA book of rules, Kuznetsov leaned over to me and whispered, 'You know us Russians. We'll change the rules the way we want.'"

Plans call for the course to be laid out next spring and finished by the spring of 1977. Then, presumably, the air will ring with shouts of "Beeteepest!" It may not sound like "Fore!" but if you hear it, you'd better duck.

SIGN OF THE TIMES

Long a football member in good standing of the Big Eight and for years one of the nation's top basketball powers, Kansas State revealed that as of June 30 it had accumulated a deficit of \$365,000 in its men's athletic programs. The athletic department had just \$37,000 on hand, while unpaid bills in the amount of \$200,000 had piled up. To make ends meet, the athletic department had been forced to borrow \$204,000 out of anticipated revenue from football tickets, a book-keeping ruse that will only compound the crisis. Deep cuts have been ordered in all sports budgets except basketball's. Golf, tennis, gymnastics and wrestling were left with no money at all, and 1975-76 sched-

ules have been canceled. There is even a move on to sell the \$100,000 athletic dormitory, which was completed in 1968 and last year lost \$100,000.

Says Kansas State Athletic Director Ernie Barrett, "We're just experiencing the athletic pinch a little sooner than other people." Ominous words indeed, particularly since Kansas State has the lowest athletic budget of any school in the Big Eight.

CONDUCT UNBECOMING

The moral stance of Basketball Coach Bill Musselman, the high-powered recruiter who just departed the University of Minnesota to become coach of the ABA's San Diego Sails, is astonishing, to say the least. In the wake of Musselman's resignation there remains a thundering echo of misdeed and mismanagement. The NCAA is poised to slug the Gophers with something like 100 recruiting violation charges, many of them in Musselman's own bailiwick.

He admitted that he had given money to two players and that he "had a feeling" that illegal financial help came from other sources. Yet, when he was asked what he felt about the charges against the school he left in the lurch, Musselman replied, "I'm not a member of the university staff anymore, so any conscience is clear."

BAA

Tom Beene, a California cattleman, has recently turned from being a cowhand to being a—well, a goathand. In the interest of ecology Beene is now in his third summer of trying to complete the last roundup of the 10,000 Spanish goats that live on San Clemente Island. Voracious residents of the 57-square-mile island since Spanish clipper sailors released them there in the early 1700s, the goats have proliferated and so ravaged the foliage that the island has been all but denuded. The goats have erased small-tree growth, caused extensive erosion and endangered other fauna because they simply don't have enough to eat.

The Navy, which is custodian of the island, contracted with Tom Beene in 1972 to round 'em up and head 'em out.

Beene pays the Navy \$1.50 a head, then sells the goats for \$8 to \$15 each, either for breeding (the females) or for eating (the males) by devotees of various Chinatown who consider the meat a delicacy. Does that sound like easy money? It isn't.

The goats of San Clemente are wily fellows all, and Tom Beene, a wrangler for 44 years, says, "They're much tougher than cattle. We've tried everything from horseback to hunting dogs to helicopters. We've had the best luck using a couple of guys on horseback and people on foot driving them into fenced-in traps. Once we get them near the fences, we have to be very careful, they like to turn and stampede over us. Once we had a herd of 200 almost edged into the trap, but they wheeled around, ran over us and escaped down a 20-foot cliff."

So far Beene has corralled and carried off about 6,500 goats and he would like to wrap up the roundup this summer. But those left are, of course, the oldest and wisest, and Beene has respect for them. He has also learned to rather relish their meat. "Just take a big drink or two and cook 'em any damn way you like," he says. "They're good to eat."

RING AROUND A WOMAN

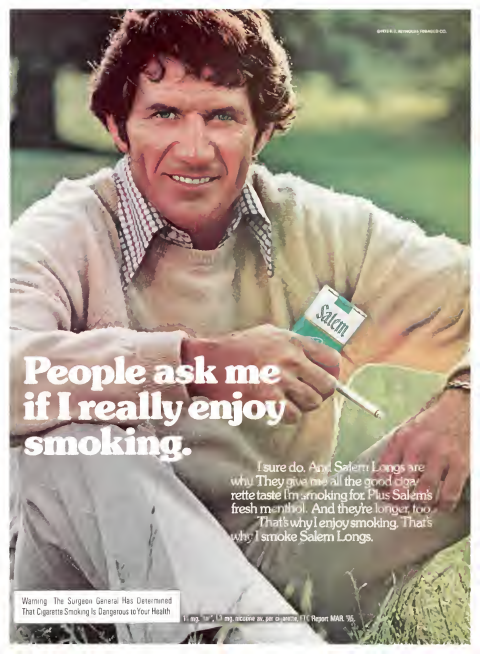
Two boxers in a tournament at a South Sydney, Australia fight club were called to the center of the ring before their bout, a gentle hand was placed upon each and an earnest voice spoke. "This is my first job as a referee. I'm very nervous. Could you please help me and hit above the belt and have a clean fight?" Thus began the ring career of Mrs. Vikki Williams, who claims to be the first woman boxing referee.

Presumably she is qualified, having been a second to her husband, Robbie Williams, a featherweight. Vikki, a nurse, got a huge round of applause when she entered the ring last week and a nice one when she left. But she said she is not dealing in crusades. "I'm not in this for Women's Lib, I just want to take an interest in Robbie's career and in boxing in general."

THEY SAID IT

- Chip Campbell, PR man for the Washington Capitals, worst team in National Hockey League history, on the team's new promotional film: "It's not a highlight film, it's a historical document."
- Don Carter, bowling star: "One of the advantages bowling has over golf is that you very seldom lose a bowling ball."
- Elrod Hendricks, Oriole catcher, asked if he thought "home run" before hitting a game-winning three-run blast. "No, I was thinking wild pitch."

END



**People ask me
if I really enjoy
smoking.**

I sure do. And Salem Longs are why. They give me all the good cigarette taste I'm smoking for. Plus Salem's fresh menthol. And they're longer, too. That's why I enjoy smoking. That's why I smoke Salem Longs.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

11 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR '86.

GRAND NEW GAME

Baseball is bigger than ever, with record crowds and plenty of pizzazz, including Nuns Days and giveaways **by RON FIMRITE**



It is considered bad form among baseball people to dash about issuing clamorous pronouncements on how the national pastime is booming, how it is enjoying a new and unprecedented popularity and making a heartwarming comeback from a time when its critics declared it too slow, too dull, too pastoral for the bloodthirsty modern sports fan. Such tasteless crowing, they say, is a mark of insecurity, behavior more characteristic of the professional football, basketball and hockey Philistines. It is baseball's party line that during all those years when its competitors were dismissing the game as little more than an occasionally charming anachronism, it was quietly setting attendance records. Baseball men claim their game is not coming back but that it never went away.

"Baseball was a media straw man during the so-called pro football boom," says Chub Feeney, president of the National League. "The peodulum never swung away from baseball."

"While Evel Knievel was crashing," adds Phillies Vice-President Bill Giles, "baseball survived."

"Baseball has been the victim of a lot of generalities," says Fred Claire, vice-president for public relations and promotions of the enormously successful Dodgers. "A lot of people on the fringe of sports got the impression the game was losing popularity. That impression persisted when it was obviously not substantiated by attendance figures and television and radio ratings."

But if the game was in good health before, it is positively radiant today. And no matter how modest baseball officials may be, it is booming. Attendance at major league games is up about 550,000 from last year when the two leagues drew 30,025,608, only 83,318 shy of the record attendance of 1973. Thirteen of the 24 teams have increased attendance this year, and even in those cities where crowds are down radio and television ratings are up. Some of the increases are astonishing. The Dodgers, whose paid attendance of 2,632,474 last year was easily the highest in baseball, are more than

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN HUGHESBARTH

Klatskan tries, sometimes successfully, to fly across the Philadelphia outfield.

200,000 ahead of that pace. They passed one million on June 9 (after only 27 home dates), the earliest any team ever reached that figure, and they will probably pass two million this week, which would be the earliest any team has done that. Los Angeles seems assured of breaking the one-season attendance record of 2,755,184 it set in 1962. San Diego, which drew more than a million fans for the first time last year, is also more than 200,000 ahead of 1974 and conceivably could draw 1.5 million with a mediocre team. The Reds again should join Los Angeles in the two million class, and so might the Phillies. Eight of the 12 American League teams are ahead of last year's attendance rates, and six of them are up more than 100,000. Two clubs, the Brewers and Yankees, show increases in excess of 200,000.



Once reluctant to sell caps, baseball now outfits entire families for free.

Overall the league is running more than 600,000 ahead of 1974 and will probably break its season high of 13,433,604 set in 1973. The Reds have even drawn 28,000 for an 11 a.m. baseball clinic, and 20,600 Red Sox faithful sat patiently through a five-hour rain-delayed game late last month.

Some trouble spots remain, most notably in California's Bay Area, where the Oakland A's and San Francisco Giants compete to their mutual detriment, and in Atlanta and Minnesota. Still, both the Twins and the A's are drawing better this year than last. Attendance is significantly down in Detroit, Kansas City and Chi-



Even when crowds are down, fans are getting busy-eyed watching at home.

cago in the American League and in Houston and Montreal in the National, but it is likely that the lackluster performances of the teams in those communities are making them poor draws, not any general decline of interest.

The attendance increases are even more noteworthy considering there is only one moderately close divisional race in the two major leagues. And they are still more impressive in view of the economic climate, which, as we are relentlessly reminded, is not exactly healthy. But with ticket prices significantly lower than in other major professional sports, baseball is better able to cope with hard times than its rivals. The Dodgers, for example, have not raised their ticket prices in the 18 years they have been in Los Angeles. It is still possible for a 12-year-old to buy a seat in Dodger Stadium for 75¢. In the past 20 years, baseball prices have increased 54%, while movies have gone up 227%, bread 135%, hamburgers 110% and gasoline 96%. The average cost of a major league ticket is \$1.94, compared to \$6.75 for pro football, \$5.88 for basketball and \$6.26 for hockey. While these sports' high prices are threatening to make them available only to upper-middle-class male adults, baseball remains one of the few diversions cheap enough to qualify as family entertainment.

And the times do seem to be changing. Social trends can be ridiculously over-intellectualized, but Feeney's pendulum may well be swinging away from the violence, restlessness and dead seriousness of the '60s, a time when professional football was appropriately on the rise.

"Baseball has benefited from the nos-

talgin craze," says Peter Bavasi, the young and, yes, progressive general manager of the Padres. "The values in American society seem to be returning to another time. There is less dwelling now on the sensational. In the past, baseball has been criticized for its conservative approach. We've never changed our rules that much. Now that's proving to be an advantage. We're helping draw people back to the good old days."

Mention of the "good old days" or anything else that smacks of stodginess sends shudders through the game's modernists, but there is a ring of truth to such talk. A game that remains essentially the same—even the designated hitter, the most radical change of this decade, has not altered baseball's basic framework—has certain advantages in a time when changes in other aspects of life occur too rapidly to be assimilated. What is more significant is that while baseball remains a grand old game on the field, its front offices are no longer content to sit back and wait for fans to pound on the gates. Alarmed by the growth of its competitors, the clubowners have done a selling job.

The young people jamming parks from Boston to Los Angeles are just one indication of their salesmanship. During the time when baseball was purportedly in decline, the standard analysis of the game's following was that it consisted largely of Little Leaguers, whose interest would last only until they moved on

continued



New fanaticism, including a revival of fan clubs, has the players riding high.

to more adult diversions, and aged fans, who would take the game with them when they died. That profile was never correct, and even excluding pre-teens (whose increased enthusiasm is attested to by players who report being bothered more than ever for autographs), baseball now attracts the youngest fans in pro sports. Tube-topped adolescent girls, many of them such rabid rooters that fan clubs are enjoying a revival, have become as much a part of the scene in the stands as beer vendors. And so have teen-aged boys, college students and all sorts of people in their 20s.

"At our park you find a tremendous number of spectators in the 18 to 30 category," says Oriole General Manager Frank Cashen. "There are more of them than ever before. Baseball has even become a popular form of dating, and a lot of young fans are arriving in couples."

"We have a very young audience," says Reds Vice-President Dick Wagner. "Our attendance profile is an absolute duplicate of the federal census, except our percentages aren't as high in the 50-and-over and the 5-and-under groups. That belies a lot of what's been said about baseball."

The availability of tickets, their inexpensiveness, a turning-away from more violent games and even the fact that beer is often cheaper at the park than it is in many bars have all contributed to baseball's youth movement. But probably nothing has done more to attract young fans—and their elders, for that matter—than the enlightened approach of the game's owners, who not too long ago feared that promotions would tarnish baseball's image.

"Our boom is the result of five years' hard work," says Dick Hackett, vice-

president of marketing for the Brewers. "A couple of years ago, I took some of our players on a winter goodwill tour. In one city not one kid knew who our catcher was, not one knew our second baseman and not one could name a starting pitcher. Then Phil Roof, our catcher, asked the people, 'Who's the Packer quarterback?' and they yelled in unison, 'Bart Starr.' Right there, I said, we've got a job to do."

"The big difference now is that we're marketing our game," says Angel President Red Patterson, who proudly describes himself as "the dean of baseball's promotin' guys." "When I went with the Yankees in 1946 as a combination road secretary, public-relations man and promotin' guy, I think I was the only one in the league with a job specifically involving promotions. Now everyone has a promotions department. In those days, the



Yankees didn't even have souvenir stands. They didn't want to sell baseball caps in the Stadium because they thought it would lower the dignity of the cap. I'm not talking about giving the caps away the way we do now. I'm talking about *selling* them. When I first suggested we do this, George Weiss [then the Yankee general manager] looked shocked. 'Red,' he said, 'we don't want every kid in town running around with a Yankee cap on.' Then I looked shocked. 'Why in the heck not?' I said."

Caps are for sale in every park now, but there is seldom any need to buy them. Along with helmets, bats, balls, batting gloves, jackets, sweatbands, T-shirts, halter tops and Lord knows what else, caps are given away on the myriad promotion days and nights. Sixty-three of the Padres' 77 home dates are promotions. The Dodgers have had 10 crowds of more than 50,000 this season; five have come on giveaway nights.

But free merchandise is not the only lure. In addition to sluggers Greg Luzinski, Mike Schmidt and Dick Allen, the promotion-minded Phillies offer such attractions as Kite-man, who attempts—sometimes successfully—to sail across the outfield, and Karl Wallenda, who walks across it on a high wire attached to the foul poles. Wallenda will also perform this year in San Diego, where Gene Locklear, an outfielder scarcely celebrated for his defensive skills, will walk beneath him carrying a glove and presumably hoping he will not have to make the catch of his career.

The giveaways began in earnest about 10 years ago, although showmen like Bill Vecek and Larry MacPhail had recognized earlier that owners stood to profit if they did more for their fans than merely opening the gates. In Cincinnati, MacPhail pioneered night baseball and sped

up his games with music. When he was the Yankee president in 1946, he opened the first stadium club. Vecek introduced fireworks and a midjet to the game and outraged the baseball Establishment of the '30s with his gaudy promotions. Ed Barrow, the old Yankee curmudgeon, was hardly a promoter, but when he invited Lou Gehrig's former teammates to reassemble for the stricken star's farewell to Yankee Stadium in 1939, he inadvertently gave birth to the Old Timers' Game, which has spread even to franchises like San Diego that are not old enough to have old-timers.

Six years ago the Orioles brightened the otherwise uneventful fifth-inning infield drag by employing a pretty girl in short pants to sweep off the bases and swat the umpires and coaches on their backsides with her broom. Her successors may be found today in parks across the country. Usherettes are almost as common as ushers, although in Philadelphia, where the Hot Pants Patrol guides the patrons to their seats, they are far from common in face or figure.

Ball-park attendants once did little more than discourage gate crashers, break up fights and, in some cities, insult the customers; now they are as solicitous as floorwalkers. At Angel games, parking-lot employees greet each motorist with a cheery "Welcome to Anaheim Stadium." Ray Kroc, the hamburger tycoon who brought life to the moribund Padres, bought a full-page ad in the local papers of July 17 to thank the fans of San Diego for coming out to the park with such salubrious frequency. Kroc's alert staff is ever ready to chastise or even cashier a park employee for the merest suggestion of discourtesy. "The stadium people are our strongest or weakest link," says Bavasi. "They must represent the standards of the chairman of the board, Mr. Kroc."

The Padres also brief their players in public relations, advising them of the different needs of reporters on morning and afternoon newspapers and encouraging them to sign autographs, accept speaking engagements and generally look upon the fan as a bosom pal. "The player who says I'll let my bat do the talking is no longer a complete player," says Bavasi. "If the public loves him, he's got a good argument at contract time. He can say, 'Well, I didn't hit so well, but I did have three fan clubs.' The player is no different from any other entertainer. But when, say, an

opera singer receives a big ovation, what does he do? He makes a curtain call and bows his thanks to the audience. What does a ballplayer do after he hits a home run and gets an ovation? Usually nothing. I don't understand why he can't make some appropriate response to the audience even if it's nothing more than tipping his cap."

Bavasi, his father, Padre President Buzzie, and Patterson all honed their skills as flacks in the Dodger organization, which continues to lavish affection on the transient multitudes of Southern California. The Dodgers actually do not play the public-relations game fairly, since they have the advantages of a beautiful, splendidly maintained, conveniently located stadium that they also own, ideal weather (one rainout in 18 years), a huge population and, above all, a team that is perennially in pennant contention. All of those are among the reasons why the Dodgers may draw three million fans this year. But even with these assets working for them, they promote as if they were the newest supermarket on the block. The stadium message board seems to have a word for everybody who passes through the turnstiles, recently taking time out from its busy schedule to wish a fond "Happy Birthday to Melba Figue of Glendale." The Dodger sales effort has extended beyond the secular to include 14 annual "Nuns Days" held for the 20,000 sisters of the Los Angeles archdiocese. The Dodgers clearly will move heaven and earth to win people to their cause.

Still, with all the huckstering, the game remains the essential ingredient. As Giles says, "Baseball survives while Evel Knievel and outside linebackers recklessly come and go. Played well, it is a study in grace, played poorly it can be an excruciating bore. But then there is always tomorrow, for baseball is not so much an event as it is a fact of life. Sometimes we forget how much pleasure it can give."

"To the youngsters," says the Dodgers' Claire, "it is a magic game. As we get older we tend to say the game is not what it used to be. We forget that there are 10-year-olds who come out to the park with stars in their eyes. To them, the game is everything. We older people say the game has lost something. We are wrong. The game hasn't lost anything. It is we who have lost something. We have lost our youth."

END



TWINKLE, TWINKLE—AND PFFFT



The College All-Stars sparkled for three quarters, but then Steeler Joe Gilliam moved in to end their heavenly daze

by MARK MULVOY



As Chuck Noll, the Grand Guru of the Pittsburgh Steelers, no doubt figured it, the sudden maturation last January of Terry Bradshaw from Mr. Teen-Age America to Super Bowl quarterback should have given him enough inner peace to survive the next few million huddles. After all, once Bradshaw finished dissecting the Minnesota Vikings in the Super Bowl, people immediately stopped pestering Noll with the one question that always made him display his coldest Ronald Ziegler glare: "Uh, Coach, who's your No. 1 quarterback today? Bradshaw, Joe Gilliam or Terry Harratty?" Better still, the Pittsburgh press did not conduct any more straw polls on the subject, and all the Rolling Rockers over at Chiodo's Tavern quit clamoring for the reincarnation of Bobby Layne. They could still call Bradshaw a dummy, but in Noll's peaceful mind Bradshaw was officially Pittsburgh's No. 1 quarterback. At least until he threw his first interception.

"The way I read the situation, I can't lose the job during training camp but I could lose it during the regular season," Bradshaw remarked last Friday as the Steelers prepared to open the NFL's pre-season schedule against the College All-Stars at Chicago's Soldier Field. Bradshaw was sinewy trim, having just lost 24 pounds after a diet that excluded "all the greasy stuff we love in the South," and his rapid verbiage was a monologue dripping with confidence that bordered on cockiness. "I hate to sound selfish," Bradshaw intoned, "but it was me against the world in that Super Bowl. I had a lot of things to fight. Being a sensitive individual, I worried before the game—and during it, too—that I didn't have the respect of the coach. I had reason to worry. Now, to be honest, I know that I have won his respect."

He paused, then shook his head. "What bothered me most down in New Orleans was that everyone kept insinu-

continued

Excited All-Star Charles Phillips rushes to hug Virgil Livers following an 88-yard punt return.



Bradshaw was sacked six times. Here Randy White (94) and Mike Fanning (90) do the honors.

ating that I was brainless, a *dumb* quarterback. Why, you won't believe it, but people even asked me what kind of grades I got in English. Listen, anyone who knows football knows that Terry Bradshaw has a damned good brain. After five years in the NFL I feel I can handle any type of defense they throw against me. Of course, maybe people think I do stupid things, like running over tacklers instead of running out of bounds. Everyone knows it's stupid for quarterbacks to risk getting hurt. Well, let me tell those people something. Football is changing, and it's changing because of people like me. The day of the quarterback who falls down and curls himself around the football is over. Gone are the days when you have a quarterback with a flabby belly who can't throw the ball 20 yards but is always screaming at his offensive line. It's a whole new game now."

Maybe it is, but the trim, confident Bradshaw of 1975 flat bombed out so

badly against Coach John McKay's feisty All-Stars that Pittsburgh's nagging old quarterback question promptly resurfaced, and Noll was left pondering the Xs and Os of Transcendental Meditation in search of new inner peace. To be exact, Bradshaw's real problem was that a lot of the All-Stars, particularly Bob Brazzile and Mike Fanning, and Glenn Cameron and Ralph Ortega and Neil Colzie, played like Mean Joe Greene and L.C. Greenwood and Jack Ham.

Brazzile, Jackson State's 6'4", 290-pound contribution to the Houston Oilers' defensive line who insists he does not like ballcarriers "unless I'm on top of them," and Fanning, Notre Dame's 6'6", 250-pound gift to the front four of the Los Angeles Rams, played Ping-Pong with Bradshaw's bones as the college kids embarrassed the Steelers by sacking Bradshaw six times—or four more than Minnesota's Purple People Eaters managed in the Super Bowl. On those rare

occasions when Bradshaw did avoid Brazzile and Fanning, he barely dented the old Coral Gables defense played by former Florida high school teammates Cameron, Ortega and Colzie.

Besides those six sacks, the Stars so flustered Bradshaw that he even dropped the ball once as he set up to pass. Another time Bradshaw aborted a Pittsburgh drive when he threw a perfect interception to Ortega near the goal line, with no receiver in sight. To his credit, Bradshaw did not blame that interception on the murky ozone that smogged the Chicago air all week or on the 10-watt lights that darken Soldier Field. However, the combination of Bradshaw's bad pass and the big numbers on the scoreboard—All-Stars 14, Steelers 7—stirred Noll's inner peace, and when the Steelers regained the football early in the fourth quarter, he did his best Sparky Anderson act and summoned Joe Gilliam from the bullpen.

Gilliam wasted no time on the college kids. "Bradshaw tried to sophisticate us," Brazzile said, "but Gilliam, he just whang it." Working both sides of the field artfully, and getting perfect protection, Joe Willie Gillie turned Noll's inner peace into total turmoil as he moved the Steelers to a pair of quick touchdowns and a 21-14 victory over the Stars in a game that Pittsburgh dominated after the first five minutes.

"Uh, Coach, who's your No. 1 quarterback now?"

Cold stare. Rarved eyes. No answer.

"Uh, Joe, who's the Steelers' No. 1 quarterback?"

"I'm not conceding anything," Gilliam answered. "I'm not in control of the decision situation. I don't decide who starts and who doesn't start. I just do what they tell me."

Ironically, before the game McKay expected that his All-Stars, not the Steelers, would experience the type of quarterback problem that has plagued Noll the past few seasons. One of the All-Star quarterbacks, Freddy Solomon of Tampa, was listed as a wide receiver because the Miami Dolphins intend to try him there as a replacement for the defected Paul Warfield. Another, sidewinder Steve Joachim of Temple, was promptly written off as a "knuckleballer who sets up wrong and then throws off the wrong foot." So McKay was left with only the NFL's No. 1 draft choice, 6'4" Steve Bartkowski of California, a Plunkett-

style dropback artist who recently signed a four-year, \$625,000 contract with the Atlanta Falcons. Bartkowski, remember, not Bratkowski, as in Son of Zeke.

"Bartkowski did not have a great camp," McKay admitted, "but I know he can throw the football because he always threw it well against USC." Meanwhile, Bartkowski's main receivers—Tight End Russ Francis of Oregon, Split End Pat McNally of Harvard and Flanker Larry Burton of Purdue—represented the strong points of McKay's attack plans. "Of course, we can't just pass the ball," McKay conceded. "We've got to run, too. If you can't run, you can't win. I guess Stagg was the first coach to say that. Sure, the Steelers are good, but they're not a team of destiny. They didn't beat the Dolphins last year. So they held Minnesota to 21 yards rushing in the Super Bowl. We'll certainly gain over 21 yards on the ground against them." Pause. Long pause. Longer pause. "I think."

With the possible exception of Francis, the All-Stars were in a state of surprisingly good humor as they lounged around the air-conditioning units in their hotel rooms Friday afternoon. Francis, however, was threatening to withdraw from the game because a line in his program profile said he had dropped out of Oregon because of "low grades." "I transferred out of there with a 3.24 average," he snarled. "Someone better come up with an apology real quick. And if I ever find the guy who wrote it, I'm going to hang him out that window. How many people are coming to the game? 60,000? And that Howard Cosell will get a program, too, and he'll go tell millions of people that 'Russ Francis, No. 81, College All-Stars, is a dropout from the University of Oregon.' They're making me out to look like an idiot."

The 6' 6", 245-pound Francis, who has an excellent chance to start for the New England Patriots, spent his odd hours getting the lowdown on the Boston cultural and social scene from Harvard's McNally, a 6' 6" stringbean who sometimes delighted the Stars with his academic wit. When McNally was introduced to a Nebraska lineman at the start of training camp, he boldly asked the Cornhusker if Nebraska was an accredited institution of higher learning. Another day, several Ohio State players were discussing the relative size of the defensive lines in pro football, and when Mc-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEINZ BUEHNIGER



Bartkowski and McNally sign up after touchdown, while doctor holds the end's broken leg.

inally walked by they yelled, "Hey, Bartward, what did your line average?"

"Oh, about 3.8," McNally shot back.

Bartkowski, meanwhile, was curious about the tactics of Mean Joe Greene and other Steeler defenders. "I sure don't want to flop," he said. "Everyone knows that I was the guy drafted No. 1 by the entire NFL, and I can't afford to fall on my face. No, I'm not worried. Johnny Unitas was the fastest quarterback there ever was at setting up. He did it in 1.3 seconds. I do a steady 1.4, and I'm ready to unload—after setting and taking my step—in 2.0. I sure hope that's fast enough."

"Mean Joe doesn't say much," somebody told Bartkowski, "and L.C. Greenwood gets mad when you dirty his gold shoes. Dwight White likes to do all the mouthing off up front. The guy you really ought to be worrying about is Jack Lambert, the middle linebacker. No. 58."

"Lambert?"

"Yeah. The Steelers say he's meaner than Mean Joe ever was. They even say that Lambert's so mean he doesn't like himself. Lambert, though, says he doesn't bite fingers the way some middle linebackers used to."

"No. 58?"

"Correct."

"I'll remember that."

Once the game began, Bartkowski rifled the football to his receivers with the

precision of vintage Unitas. On the Stars' second play, Bartkowski connected with Burton, the Olympic sprinter, for 48 yards, then two plays later he zipped a bullet to the towering McNally over the middle. The Ivy Leaguer, who had boned up for the game by reading *Carmen* in the dressing room, motored for the end zone and was tripped up as he crossed the goal line. Unfortunately for McNally, he landed hard on his left leg and fractured the fibula, an injury that will delay his debut with the Cincinnati Bengals for at least six weeks.

Mean Joe Greene and Meaner-than-Joe Jack Lambert never touched Bartkowski during the first quarter, and they only grazed him during the second. Instead, they obliterated every running back who moved their way. Soon it became apparent that even though the Stars had taken a 14-7 halftime lead on Virgil Livers' 88-yard punt return, they were in desperate trouble because they had not established any semblance of a ball-control ground game, getting zero—zilch—yards on the ground in the first half. In the second half the Stars managed one first down and accumulated 19 yards on the ground. Soon Mean Joe and Meaner-than-Joe began to get to Bartkowski. "That Lambert is the greatest football player I've ever had the pleasure of playing against," Bartkowski said later. "If it was a pleasure."

END



Bleasting into the lead, sprinter Steve Woznick wins a heat en route to one of his two titles

HELL (AND HEAVEN) ON WHEELS

One champion got stoked on fiendish power at cycling's nationals, another was just angelic—until she began pedaling **by BARRY McDERMOTT**

Considering the expanse of most U.S. waistlines and the expense of filling the family car with gas, it is a wonder that more folks haven't turned to bikes. There is plenty of proof that bicycling will lift our hearts and lower our bills, but for racers there is the extra kick of competition. These elements all came together last week at the National Bicycle Championships in Northbrook, Ill.

Bicycle racing seems to be equal parts Little League and self-sacrifice, a game that catches up entire families and demands stunning hours of daily training. And while the racers don't have a lot of the basics that accompany most other sports—things like bank accounts—they are hanging in there.

This year's competition started two weeks ago in Milwaukee, where John Howard and Linda Stein won the men's and women's road events. Then the racers packed up tents and wheels and rolled on to Northbrook, just outside Chicago, for the track meet. If road racing is the sport's drudgery, the track events, particularly sprinting, are its glamour—and for sprinting one needs explosive speed, courage and guile. Each sprint covers half a mile, but the racers only go full blast over the final 200 yards. Until that burst, the sprint is a war of nerves played with pedals. Occasionally the tactics become physical, à la football. Most competitors figure that whatever you can get away with is legal.

The track competition moves fast through five major categories. For the men, there are events in the kilo (a 1,000-meter time trial), the sprint (a one-on-one race), the 4,000-meter pursuit, 10-mile race and team pursuit. Women compete in the sprint and the 3,000-meter pursuit. And if the competition wasn't fierce enough, all through the opening rounds, which started last Wednesday, Northbrook buzzed under a relentless sun. Cows on nearby farms huddled under groves of trees. Spectators wilted. Between appearances the racers sprawled motionless in their tents along the backstretch of the velodrome. The temperature was 90° and the sky was cloudless, though a layer of smog dulled the glare. "There's an ozone alert," said ex-world champion Sheila Young. "I guess that means we're not supposed to breathe."

Bicycle racing in the U.S. is still at a stage where a rank outsider can make it to the top in a hurry. Like Mary Jane Reoch. She is 29, from Philadelphia,

worked to put her husband through law school and says, "I think housewife is a dirty word." In 1971 her athletic background included nothing more strenuous than high school cheerleading, but then she took up cycling and five months later won the National Road Championship. Since then Reoch has averaged a national championship a year. Last week she won the women's 3,000-meter pursuit title.

Jerry (Legs) Ash is another recent addition to the chain-and-handlebars gang. Four years ago he was surfing off the beaches of Southern California when he met some bike racers and decided to train with them. In 1973 he entered the nationals and "was blown off the track." Last year he finished third in the sprint, and now, at 28, he was considered a threat for the title, a racer who substitutes electrifying speed for experience. "Some guys really have the tricks," Ash said one evening in the infield. Standing with him was Carl Leusenkaamp, who has ridden on three international teams. "You should see Carl here in his Roman gladiator helmet and elbow pads." There is a fine line between intimidation and recklessness. The racers shave their legs so the cuts from falls at 40 mph will heal faster. The memories linger.

"I remember one of my first times on the track—Leusenkaamp put me over the rail," said Roger Young of Detroit, the 1973 sprint champion and Sheila's brother. "Afterward he told me, 'It's a contact sport, kid. You're going to have to take the bumps.'"

Tactics don't help a rider get by the "wall," that imaginary but all too real moment when the legs rebel, like pistons without oil. A few riders, such as Ash, can blast on through. The Californian is tall and rangy, but most of his strength comes from his 25-inch thighs, which are so bulky that they terrace down to his kneecaps. Some racers call him "Reindeer": there is an oft-told story of an international meet where Ash convinced a group of credulous Russians that U.S. doctors had grafted reindeer tendons into his legs to make him faster.

Another major contender at the nationals was Jack Disney, who had won 21 gold medals in various national championships and was at Northbrook in search of his 22nd. Disney is 45, the grizzled Ponce de Leon of his sport, but this year he was not hoping for too much. He had set a track record in the 200-me-

ter flying start event at the nationals last year, so he still had the speed. But he needed rest. "I don't know if I can do it back to back," Disney said, aware that the semifinals and finals on Saturday night would both be best-two-out-of-three heats.

The development of riders such as defending sprint champion Steve Woznick, Roger Young, Gibby Haiton and Ash is the reason the U.S. is catching up to the rear fenders of the cycling powers. Haiton won the gold medal at the junior world championship in Poland last year, the first male American in 65 years to win an international title and Sheila Young took the 1973 women's sprint. Daniel Morelon of France has dominated the sprint championships for years, probably because the majority of Europeans consider the sport good for something besides outrunning barking dogs. "Even with a sponsor, no one is making

money," says Jack Simes, coach of the Pan-American team and a prime candidate, along with Disney, to direct the U.S. Olympic squad. "You can count on one hand the guys who are breaking even. No one has time for a job, except maybe to work in a bike shop. You need all your time for training, especially with the Olympics coming up."

Many of the riders camped out at the nearby Glen View Naval Base to trim expenses. "It's not bad," said Jim Novara, whose daughter Sue is the defending women's sprint champ. "We eat in the mess hall for \$1.20. And we can take showers." Several others took advantage of private housing. Simes and Woznick doubled up for \$8 a night in a motel unit that offered a kitchenette where they could cook meals. "Stop by and see how the other half lives," said Simes dryly.

Woznick comes from Miami but moved to Ridgefield Park, N.J. to be

continued

Wheeling unbeaten into the sprint finale, Sue Novara sets her sights on a world title.





Her face reflecting the tension, Novara eyes ex-champ Sheila Young before beating her.

closer to Simes' stopwatch. The pair arrived in the Midwest a week early to train for the finals.

Out west, Disney had spent the last month training Gibby Hatton and Sue Novara near his Sunnyvale, Calif. home. "Everybody's a fanatic about training," said Hatton. "You're supposed to die. Which you do."

Novara is the teen angel of U.S. bike racing. Only 19, she is pert and skittish, with a bright smile and hair down to her waist. She walked around smiling and confident, saying "Neat" and "Yeah, man," and joined in the prevalent familial mood by cheering on her favorites. But her high spirits changed when she grabbed the handlebars. Then Novara was all nasty. Her admirers call her the fastest woman racer in the world, though Tamara Pitlikova of the U.S.S.R. beat her by .01 of a second in the 1974 world championship. "That's *this* much," Novara said, holding up two fingers to indicate a space of less than an inch. "She's 28. Do you want to know how to spell her name?"

All of the bike racers have the confirmed look of dedicated athletes, the skin taut across their faces, their eyes clear and bright. Just listening to Novara's training schedule would tire out most people. The farthest she ever has ridden in a day is 200 miles. It took her

13 hours. "I want to beat the men," she says. "I don't want people to say, 'She was a good woman sprinter.' I want them to say I was good, period. No one ever had to push me in this. I've always loved it. I like to go fast. I like racing. I like the people. And I like to win. That's the most fun. I want to win the world's and then I want to win it a couple more times. I want to win it more than the Russians have. They've dominated it too long."

Novara's chief foe in state, national and international meets has been Sheila Young, of Olympic and world speed-skating fame. But this year Young is concentrating on skating, a sport in which she has chances for several more gold medals. She entered both the pursuit and sprint at Northbrook, but allowed, "in sprinting you need that aggressive attitude and I don't have it anymore." She shrugged. "Once the fight is gone. . ."

Young ultimately finished fourth in the pursuit, the event won by nonhousewife Reech, but surprised a lot of experts by surviving to make the sprint finals against Novara on Saturday night. Some night. Raenstorms had delayed the day's activities and the races went on long after Illinois had gone to sleep. This time, inexplicably, the attitudes of the two principals were almost reversed. Young was carefree and blasé ("Oh, well, I hope she doesn't beat me by too much"), while

Novara was intense and withdrawn ("I'm so nervous," she whispered to a friend).

But Novara had not lost a race all week and she crushed Young in straight heats. Afterward, someone noted that it had been two years since Young had beaten Novara. "And that's the last time she's going to beat me," said Sue.

In the men's division Ron Skarin beat Ralph Therio for the 4,000-meter pursuit title, Leroy Gatto took the 10-miler and Woznick won the kilo. Woznick, who started by racing at the longer distances and gradually moved to shorter rides, is nicknamed the Bull for his strength and determination. "When it comes right down to the winning and losing, it's 80% mental," he says. Before each race, Woznick slowly crisscrossed the infield on his bike, staring into space. The move is known among racers as his "infield psych."

Both Ash and Hatton were quarterfinal casualties on Friday night. Leusen-kamp beat Hatton in straight heats with some skillful riding, while Roger Young, who had been erratic earlier this year, regained his form against Ash and won easily, despite the fact that earlier in the day he had told a competitor, "It's all over for me."

Woznick and Disney joined Leusen-kamp and Young for the semifinal round Saturday night, and Woznick quickly put out Young. In the other semi the crowd was pulling for Disney, but his legs were tired and Leusen-kamp was too smart. The younger man applied the pressure and won twice by less than a bike length. "I just didn't have any suds tonight," sighed Disney. Later in the evening he raced Young for third place, lost again and walked wearily off the track, limping on strained leg muscles, his face gaunt, his breath wheezing. Sue Novara looked at him and almost cried. "He's still tops in my book," she said.

Woznick was in the infield, telling himself over and over that he would win—and thinking back to 1972 when Leusen-kamp had bottled him up and beat him with crafty tactics.

But now, on his first ride in the finals, Woznick jumped from behind early, surprising his rival, and went on to an easy win. The next trip, Woznick led from start to finish. The riders say that no one passes the Bull when he takes the lead. They said that once about Jack Disney, too. But that was 20 years ago. **END**

Is your cigarette less than More?



If it isn't More, it's less than More. Because More is the first 120mm cigarette. It's More in every way except price.

More has more style. It has more flavor. It has more. Over 50% more puffs than a 100mm cigarette. Yet More doesn't cost more.

And what's more, More comes in both regular and menthol. They're both long, lean and burnished brown. Regular More delivers rich tobacco flavor while More Menthol packs a cooling blast. Puff after puff after puff.

You'll find that More and More Menthol smoke slower and draw easy for more enjoyment. They're more flavorful. Yet they're surprisingly mild.

More and More Menthol. They sit neat in your hand like they were made for it and fit your face like they found a home.

Why settle for less?

The first 120mm cigarette.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter, Menthol: 21 mg. "tar", 1.6 mg. nicotine-av. per cigarette by FTC method.

ONCE MORE, WITH FILION

Hurrying Hervé, a tough driver who knows 'orses, will soon break the alltime record for victories

by SAM MOSES



Last year Hervé Filion spent so much time behind a horse that he should have somehow been shrunk and chromed as a hood ornament for people who like such things as tiny pacers pulling tiny men over the radiators of their pickup trucks. Filion rode in his sulky far enough to have driven from his home in Long Island to his birthplace in Quebec and back 3½ times—a record 2,999 miles to be exact. (If he hadn't lost count in midseason he would have gone the extra mile.) At the end of 637 of those races, Filion was a winner—another record for a single season. That broke his 1972 record of 605, which broke his 1971 record of 543, which broke his 1970 record of 486, which. . . .

So it goes for this man who hangs out with horses a lot. Now Filion is only a feedbagful of victories away from becoming the winningest driver in history, the Henry Aaron of pacing and trotting. That distinction belongs to a West German named Hans Frommning, but at 65, Frommning races little these days; as of Aug. 1 Filion, with 5,283 lifetime wins, was only 13 behind. And Filion is only 35—a mere whippersnapper among his peers—which gives him 30 years to catch the German.

If Filion were still going all-out as he was a year ago he would have passed Frommning already. But by Aug. 1 Filion had driven only a paltry 782 races, less than half as many as he had driven by the same time last year. He has all but ceased his celebrated helicopter hopping from afternoon races at Freehold, N.J. to evening races 60 miles away at Yonkers or Roosevelt Raceway in New York. And he even took two months off this winter, unheard-of for Hustling Hervé, as he's been called. At one point last year he grumbled about taking two days off because he had the flu. So he took only one. "He had only two drives that night," said a groom. "If he had had more than that he wouldn't have been so sick."

Hervé (pronounced air-vay, but he answers to everything from Hervé to Harv) came to the U.S. from Montreal in 1961, a spirited 21-year-old who could speak no English but understood standardbred pretty well; he already had eight years' practice at that. He came from a family of harness drivers; his father, a farmer and trucker by trade, owned a few horses on the side, and eight of Edmond Filion's nine sons became harness drivers, the best known of them, besides

Hervé, being Henri, who is a year younger than Hervé and frequently races against him on Eastern tracks.

Since setting up shop here Hervé Filion has been the winning North American Dash driver every year since 1968; was named the world's top French-speaking sportsman in 1969, beating the likes of Jean-Claude Killy; was awarded the Order of Canada Medal; became the first harness driver to win \$3 million in one season; and set a record that has been unapproached since he established it and may stand for as long as mares eat oats. On Aug. 1, 1970 at Brandywine Raceway in Delaware, Filion drove five winners in one night. Good enough. All five were horses he had trained, and he was part owner of three of them. Even better. But the stunning part of Filion's evening's work was that all five horses had times under two minutes. "That was my happiest moment in harness racing," says Filion.

This sort of thing makes Hervé Filion one of the world's wealthiest athletes, though as for recognition his name ranks somewhere near William E. Miller's. One reason for his comparative obscurity is that Yonkers Raceway is not exactly Shea Stadium (or even the Cow Palace,

where the 1964 Republican Convention was held) and harness racing has not yet bumped Tom Seaver or Joe Namath off the home tube. So no one is pounding on the 5'6", 155-pound, gap-toothed, balding Filion's door, begging him to model slacks or endorse toothpaste or hair spray. All Filion's earnings come directly from the track. Last year he drove horses that earned \$3.5 million. If he did nothing but drive and train the horses he would have made something like \$350,000 from the standard division of the purses. But Filion also owns at least a piece of most of the horses he drives so he collects a chunk of the owner's 50% too. His Capital Hill Farms Inc., the corporate name for his racing enterprises, owns an interest in about 150 horses—the total changes almost daily—which are trained at the tracks where Filion races and at a 27-acre farm in Pemberton, N.J. Capital Hill Farms employs about 50 people, including two other Filion brothers, and has a hefty million-dollar budget. Spin-and-polished red-white-and-blue harness bags and equip-

ment trunks for each horse (the colors are those of the Montreal Canadiens, a team Filion greatly admires) testify that Capital Hill Farms is a class operation.

Filion keeps a tight rein on his empire from an office in a small trailer at Roosevelt Raceway. "Paper, paper, paper," he says, speaking English that is less than perfect but far from broken. "Myself, I enjoy it, but my trouble is I quit school after the fifth grade. I make 'oses my business because they are all I know."

Sharing the office with Filion are two men on whom he has relied heavily: Canadian Bob Beggs, who used to sell heavy construction equipment but looks more suited to operating it, and Gene MacDonald, an American who was a top driver at Roosevelt 10 years ago. They keep the books and answer questions for Filion, such as how many horses he owns at the moment and what day it is—small matters he tends to overlook. Says Beggs, "Hervie can be great at some details—he knows the condition of every leg on every horse in the stable—but he'll keep some things in his hip pocket for a few days."

There are two desks in the office for the three men. No matter that neither belongs to Filion, because he can't sit still long enough to get much use from one. He bounces between the chairs in front of Beggs' desk as quickly as his attention shifts from subject to subject. He takes care of business in this manner every morning as he smokes a large part of his two daily packs of Marlboros.

One or two afternoons a week Filion takes a helicopter to his farm. The chopper lands next to an old house by the half-mile track, and before the blades have stopped spinning, Filion is strutting through the stable like a little general, inspecting each horse in its stall. He knows most of the horses by name, even though there are many he has never driven. The dozen grooms who live on the farm, many of them young women, fairly stand at attention. Filion prefers female grooms because, he says, "They are proud, they love the animal, they care about it." Filion fires questions—sometimes in French—at each groom and moves so fast the groom must *continue*





Have bike paths in your community.
Matching federal funds are available.
Write Murray Ohio for information.

When playing golf is work-what do you do for fun?

Riding a bike is a great answer. It's good fun. Great exercise. And it's a fun sport to share. That's why Barbara and Jack Nicklaus bike.

Murray bicycles are a great way to take up this kind of fun. After all, Murray makes more bicycles than anyone.

MURRAY®

THE MURRAY OHIO MFG. CO., BRENTWOOD, TENN. 37027

FILION continued

follow him into the next stall to answer. In about 20 minutes he checks nearly 30 horses, and he is back in the helicopter for the short hop to the track at Freehold, where his brother Rhéo trains another score of horses. There the routine is the same.

On the afternoons Filion does not fly to the farm, he plays golf—with the same intensity. He charges through as many as 34 holes a day, always driving a cart, partly because it is faster and partly because he doesn't like to walk. Then he may go home and practice pitch shots into a net strung up in his backyard until dark.

"My trouble with golf is I'm impatient. I'm a restless guy. I move quick," he says without realizing the immensity of the understatement. "The game is good for me. It teach me to take my time, relax." Filion may be the only millionaire in the world who has to put on his golf shoes in his car. He isn't allowed in the locker room of his favorite course because he isn't a member. But he doesn't mind being asked to use the service entrance, so to speak. "I'm trying to get a membership," he says, "but you need a couple sponsors. They don't take just anybody."

He has a new 4,800-square-foot colonial house on two acres in Westbury, Long Island, but though his family was living there, the house for months had practically no furniture in it. Filion was too busy to go shopping for such things. He has been described as dapper, but only because he bounces when he walks and always wears a hat to cover his bald spot. He dresses casually, and buys much of his clothing from an ex-Buick salesman who periodically drops by Filion's office with armfuls of shirts and slacks. Filion buys them by the dozen, absent-mindedly, between phone calls. He lets the salesman choose them, his only instruction being to avoid brown because his wife Barbara Ann says brown makes him look sad. "The only thing I got fancy is 'ornes," he says.

And a pretty fancy family. There is Tammy, six, who likes to ask strangers how old they are and then practice her numbers from the answer—"You're 27? I know 27, 28, 29. . . ." Trevor, five, is actually Barbara Ann's nephew, the Filions having adopted him. Hervé Jr., four, brags that he can eat a Whopper, French fries and a milk shake at the Burger King, and he can. Barbara-Ayn, three,

has brown eyes fresh off a Keene canvas, still glistening. And now there is their third daughter, Kimberly Deanne.

On Saturday afternoons Filion likes to take the kids to the movies, and on his few nights off he likes to take Barbara Ann to the movies. They sometimes see three shows in one evening, hopping from theater to theater the way Filion used to hop from racetrack to racetrack. They also like to attend live performances by everyone from Fats Domino to Don Ho. They have seen Elvis Presley six times.

"Hervé loves Elvis Presley," says Barbara Ann. "That's his idol. We once flew to Las Vegas, saw two of Elvis' shows, then flew back home. And one night after a race in Philadelphia we wanted at the airport to try and see him, but he didn't show up." His passions are not sophisticated. He gets genuinely excited about things like having taken a bow from the audience on the *Ed Sullivan Show*. He still carries a Virgin Mary medal inside his helmet, his mother having pinned it to the liner he took with him when he was 13 and leaving home to seek his fame. His greatest sin seems to be an occasional impish impulse, for instance throwing open the helicopter door next to a passenger or grabbing the nearest unattended horse for a bareback ride.

Says Billy Houghton, one of harness racing's great figures, "Hervé's a good guy. He's a fine competitor, a gentleman off the track. He's just a good guy all around."

Such treacle is not uncommon from harness drivers, who don't like to swing brooms at people they may bump into behind a thousand-pound animal. But Filion isn't such a good guy to everyone at the track. There are people around—people who are not keen on swinging brooms, either—who find Filion hard, even occasionally vindictive, in his relations with other trainers.

"Hervé is a tough man to work for because he's demanding," says one of his associates. "He can lose his temper, but that doesn't happen very often. He gets results, and that's what counts. His secret is knowing how to keep his horses in classes where they can win. He knows how to rate the pace of a race. The big thing is, he thinks like a horse."

"Orses are just like human being," says Filion, who often quips that his horses are bilingual. "I got two family—I got my family at home and I got my

family at the 'orses. But you can't get emotional or fall in love with the 'orses because you get hurt in the end. I learned that when I was 17 and the first 'orse I ever owned got killed in a racing accident. You got to run 'orses as a business."

Filion has won the Little Brown Jug but not the Hambletonian, and, compared with drivers like Houghton, Joe O'Brien, Del Miller or Stanley Dancer, precious few of the other classic harness races. He has yet to be elected to the Hall of Fame, a distinction that will certainly someday be his, but you could get into a quick argument about just how good a driver he really is. Filion drives by instinct, he claims he never plans a race but plays everything by ear. He crowds into holes that most other drivers can't find, let alone recognize, and he drives so much that he knows the moves of many of the horses he races against, which is one reason he so rarely gets boxed against the rail. His favorite trick is to jerk his sulky laterally by as much as half a foot without disturbing the horse, a stunt tagged Hervé's Hop, although he did not invent it.

He has driven his share of ornery and lazy horses to victory. One of his favorites was a mare named Rita Gallon: Filion had to run alongside her on the track to get her moving toward the starting gate and then jump into the sulky, more or less on the fly. He is attracted to underdogs, and his stable is known for bargain claimers rather than super-horses. His most famous claiming success was an 8-year-old gelding who had run poorly. After painstaking training Filion won five races in a row with him.

When Filion drives, no matter what the record of the horse, the odds are rarely very high against him. "He looks like a magician to a lot of people," says MacDonald. "He's not. But he's the best driver ever to get on a sulky. He was born with a great pair of hands and natural ability. The more he wins, the better he gets." The Hall of Fame may not have recognized him yet, but the bettors vote for him nearly every night.

Filion hasn't always been in automatic good grace. Ten years ago the U.S. Trotting Association revoked his license after a series of suspensions in the U.S. and Canada for everything from bumping to "insufficient effort." Filion pleaded with the presiding judge who issued the suspension that triggered the USTA ac-

tion to persuade the USTA to return his license for one more chance. The judge did, and this was the turning point in Filion's career.

"At first I wasn't sure I wanted to help him," says the retired judge, Milt Taylor, who is now director of racing at Yonkers. "I thought maybe it would do him some good to sweat it out. After all, at that time he wasn't even among the top 50 drivers."

"I knew he was far from ordinary, but I never dreamed he would be the champion he is. If I ever did anything good for harness racing in my 53 years of involvement, helping Hervé was probably been it."

Filion still gets his nose dirty on occasion, sometimes literally. Twice this June he was suspended for five days when he bore in and crowded other horses, causing them to break. In his first race after the suspension he flipped his sulky and landed face down on the homestretch when Billy Houghton's horse broke in front of him and Filion ran over Houghton, who maintained control. "I am not hurt because I roll like a ball," said Filion. The next night Filion almost went down again when his horse broke; a following driver couldn't avoid Filion and knocked him into the rail. There was an inquiry, but Filion was ruled not at fault. "It was an act of God," he argued to the judges. "My 'orse made a jump. What is I gonna do?"

On those two nights at Yonkers Filion drove three winners, two of which were impressive. One was a wonky but game 4-year-old named Right Tie, and the other was entered in a prep race for the \$100,000 Yonkers International Pace. That horse, Otaro Hanover, trained by Hervé and brother Denis, has earned more than half a million dollars for Filion and holds the world record for 1½ miles. Filion drove a clever race that seemed to contradict his claim that he never plans anything. At the three-quarters Otaro Hanover lay sixth on the rail, then Filion sprang outside and passed the rest of the field in the last turn and down the stretch to notch one more strenuous win in his pursuit of Hans Frömming.

"Hard work is good for you," said Filion looking for the helicopter and another look at his stables in New Jersey. "I don't push myself; everything I do comes at my natural pace." Or trot. Either one is fast enough. **END**

ground. They are 1½ times as big as my cat (who has fallen asleep on my lap while licking her right hind leg), breakfasting on fruit and oblivious of the dictum that raccoons are nocturnal. But who can blame them? Long after sunrise the air remains night cool and it seems like seven in the morning well into the afternoon.

My arms grow weary steadying the binoculars, so I give up on the raccoons and take my morning run. It substitutes for the lost art of front-porch sitting as a means of keeping track of what goes on in the neighborhood. I proceed up Skyline Boulevard, a patchwork of potholes, and into the rhododendron gardens of Hendricks Park. A couple of times I had come through here and smelled turpentine; an art class had set up its easels and several works were in progress.

A FEVER RUNNING THROUGH THE STREETS

This Oregon city is so exercised about track that one out of every nine residents pounds the pavement daily by **BOBBIE CONLAN MOORE**

Summer comes reluctantly to Eugene. In June and July a pale gray cover of marine air often blankets Spencer Butte on the south side of town and blurs the Coburg Hills to the northeast. Between the butte and the hills the Willamette River slides gray-green and cold beneath the concrete footbridge that links the University of Oregon with the football stadium and bike paths and a deserted green expanse of park. In the air is the unpleasant tang of the Weyerhaeuser pulp and paper plant, whose plumes of smoke are a billowing flag over nearby Springfield. On a morning like this it is easy to believe the Oregon ungreeting card's claim that "People in Oregon don't tan in the summertime—they rust."

In my neighbor's cherry trees a pair of raccoons move deliberately from branch to branch, 20 feet above the

Moving downhill, out of the park on Fairmount, I encounter the woman who walks two old Scotties. She is lean and sticklike, striding slowly up the hill, the skittering dogs straining at the leash. Sometimes she is without the animals, but then she has her nose in a book. She must know the potholes by heart.

Opposite Hayward Field (where I found Hayward, the cat), I hit the two-mile mark at better than seven minutes a mile. Every morning at this point I have to curb my conceit by remembering that I've been running downhill. Two men in the gray shorts of the university's phys-ed department fall in behind. As we head uphill on Birch they swing wide to pass, one of them turning to say good morning. Immediately, I am five yards back, then 10. Will I never learn to run uphill?

Farther up, the view is of the train

tracks, the river and the bike paths going past the dump. Flocks of gulls circle, and the vista is far from inspiring. Which is a pity, because I badly need some kind of inspiration. To get me up. This hill.

Finally it's downhill and swoop right, up a small rise and back to the rhododendron gardens, over the potholes to home. I walk around to cool off, checking out the neighbor's apple tree and brushing away the cobwebs that are strung across the road. A million million spiders live in these firs. The strands of their webs crisscross everywhere, growing back almost as fast as I walk through them. The only way to avoid getting them in the face is to be as low-slung as Hayward, who pops out of a clump of ivy. Her chirping meows are demanding.

O.K. We'll go in to breakfast.

No matter what they tell you, Oregon has days of sunshine. The temperature will rise into the high 90s and the Willamette River will fill with black inner tubes and thrashing, splashing humans. And then Eugene's runners-joggers (maybe 10,000 of us out of a population of 90,000) take their exercise early in the morning or in the long twilight.

Lili Ledbetter is a morning person. "The heat's almost unbearable for running in the summer," she says. "I get up at 5:45 and run five miles. Then I go back to bed." Lili is 4'8" and holds the world record in the marathon for women under 19, having run 2:56.07 last February at the age of 13.

The Ledbetters live across the street from a grade-school playground. "When we first came here," says Lili, "my father used to run with me because my parents wouldn't let me run alone. But now I usually do. Except long runs. Long runs are impossible to do alone." Fortunately, Paul Slovic, 36, and his sons, Scott, 14, and Steve, 12, who live in the next block, provide Lili with companionship for that. In August their runs are interrupted by stops at blackberry patches, which crop up all over town. And last year Lili managed to crowd half a dozen other pursuits into the long summer. "I was in the university's sports school, but it was a gyp," she says. "The girls only had a month, but the boys had two. We had ca-

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES BRANT

noing and swimming and gymnastics and track, but none of it was hard enough.

"And I played softball—second base and outfield. Our team didn't have a name. Dr. Hackett, he's a dentist, suggested the Mighty Molars or the Courageous Cavities, but we never picked a name. And Steve and Scott and I were in a computer programming class. Oh, and Steve and I had a cherry business for about a week. We bicycled 30 miles one day delivering cherries." And still she had energy left to run at 5:45 in the morning. But on the day of a race even Lili Ledbetter sleeps in.

Today the Oregon Track Club is putting on the Hayward Field Restoration Meet. By five p.m. a crowd jams the bleachers of the East Stands. Across the infield, rubble is all that remains of the West Stands, reason for the Restoration. The program promises to be the best evening of track and field anywhere since the '72 Olympic Trials—and it is.

In the first race Debbie Quartier leads all the way to an American record in the 5,000 meters while Lili Ledbetter and running pal Janet Heinonen, 23, struggle at the back of the pack. They tie for last. "You know, if I had outkicked you, everybody would have thought I was a real ogre," says Janet.

Francie Larrieu and Steve Prefontaine set American records in the mile and three-mile respectively, and Rick Wohlhuter, up on his toes like a sprinter and knees pumping like a drum major's, flies to a world-record 880.

At most meets the crowd begins to leave after the last running event, and now it is getting dark and chilly as well. But people are pulling on jackets and pouring onto the infield to form a ring on the grass around the high-jump pit.

With Mayor Les Anderson officiating and Flop inventor Dick Fosbury putting up the crossbar, Dwight Stones psychs himself up for three tries at 7'5". But three times the bar falls. Now it is the women's turn. There is very little light, and the ring of people moves closer to watch as Joni Huntley, 17, of Sheridan, Ore., betters her own American record by leaping 6'4". Then, at last, everyone goes home.

continued





Restoration meets and national-caliber competition are extraordinary occurrences, even in Eugene. But throughout the year the Oregon Track Club supplies a certain amount of challenge in the form of a road race on the second Sunday of each month. In the summertime these take on added fervor because many of us are getting ready for the All Comers Meets that begin in mid-July.

In 1973 the OTC's July run was called Storm the Butte, and 300 runners did just that, disappearing into the trees and attacking a steep, narrow, rocky trail, through lush patches of poison oak. The next day's paper showed bodies scrambling all over the hillside, destroying delicate ecosystems. Many conservationists howled. So did the runners who got poison oak.

This year the run has been renamed Butte-to-Butte. It starts in the same place, but instead of running uphill and destroying nature, we will head downhill on the unfeeling pavement. Down, down, down and down. Then, having effectively destroyed ourselves, we will totter through town, across the Southern Pacific Railroad tracks into Skinner's Butte Park, an eminently civilized strip of green along the river. The propaganda promises that we will finish the train-Eugene 10,000 meters in time to watch the Fourth of July fireworks bursting over the football stadium.

Buses cart us from the registration center at Skinner's Butte to the start across town. Approaching the first steep climb, there is silence as we contemplate the grade rising like a wall in front of us. We have to run down this? The driver shifts into lower and lower gears, but nothing seems to relieve the straining machine. We move into woods where a deer stands just inside the tree line.

Trading water, the bus drags into the parking lot with a long draw-out hiss. Two other buses discharge runners on the road below.

People begin to warm up. Paul and Scott Slovic are moving around. The Slovics have returned from nearly half a year in Israel where Paul, an experimental psychologist, did research and ran every morning with his eldest son. "People were curious—kids would clap and count cadence in Hebrew when we paved," Paul says. "But I'm so addicted to running, I continued anyway. It's really almost a sacrifice to do without it."

Now Geoff Hollister, who organizes the road runs, signals that we're about to begin. "Like to point out some of the people running today," he says (Hollister tends to do things like this) and proceeds to introduce the mayor, a couple of Olympians and some pro football players. The sky is overcast and the breeze cool. In singlet and shorts, I have to keep moving to stay warm.

"O.K. Now you should all keep in mind," Hollister is saying, "that a train is due to cross High Street at about," he looks at his watch, "at about 8:30."

Cries of "Let's get started!"

And so we begin, rushing pell-mell down the road. "Let gravity do the work," is sage downhill running advice, so I freewheel, passing more cautious souls who seem to be trying to put on the brakes.

Janet Heinonen turns as I draw alongside. "I can always tell it's you by your breathing," she says. "How's your hay fever?" Before I can answer, my legs have carried me away. Overgrown pastures and vacant lots flash past. In one sits an airplane without wings. Stocky horses graze in long grass. My Lord, I'm passing people I can't possibly beat. But the first uphill undoes all the distance my freewheeling gained, and I find myself plodding. We pass a girl sitting on the sidewalk, leaning against a telephone pole, who gestures at us with a beer bottle. "I don't believe this," she says. "Do you believe this? I don't believe this."

A pale guy in white sweat pants has been tailing me for a mile, but won't pass. His breathing is arrhythmic and distracting. I get some kind of cramp under my collarbone and gradually fade back. A pudgy man on a 10-speed whizzes by and shouts, "Run! Don't walk!" At times like this I wish I wore a sign that said, "I have just run 15 miles, dammit, so shut up and get out of my way!"

White Pants is still wheezing along. Two hundred yards from the finish my husband waits by the side of the road, his race already won. I am tired and bitchy and thank to myself, "Kennny, don't you dare tell me to go after him and *don't* run with me," and I keep my eyes glued to the ground as I go by. Kennny just hollers, "Great run, Bobbie!" which turns out to be exactly the right thing. I outkick White Pants and finish 154th. White Pants is 155th and is best over making horrible noises.

Paul Slovic goes by with his family,

continued



carrying a blanket and preparing to picnic and watch the fireworks. "Nice way to spend the Fourth of July," he says.

The first Thursday after the Fourth the All Corners Meets begin. Thursdays are for kids 12 and under, Fridays for everyone else. In 1973 several of us—all considerably older than 13—decided that we would try to break six minutes for the mile. For the first time we began to do workouts on the track, to train our unwilling bodies to move faster than normal jogging pace. Oxygen debt was novel and not particularly pleasant, but stubbornness, mutual support and a newly discovered competitiveness kept us going. Two of the women came close to breaking six in the All Corners, but neither Connie Manley, wife of Olympic steeplechaser Mike Manley, nor I could get under 6:12. Nevertheless, our times had come down each week and we were determined to try again.

Since 1957 the Oregon Track Club's five-week All Corners series has attracted quasi-competitive runners like Connie and me. "We wanted to offer athletes the opportunity to try a lot of different events without the pressure of coaching," says Bob Newland, a high school vice-principal and, along with Bill Bowerman, one of the originators of the program. "And it provides an opportunity for athletes out of school to get some competition."

The first year about 75 kids participated. In the last couple of years 400 to 500 people have competed each week. "At first," says Newland, "we had age-group divisions like seven-10 and 11-13, but that was too wide a spread. All the older kids were winning. Since we wanted to have lots of successes and give lots of encouragement, we narrowed the gap to two years. That meant lots more ribbons, and everybody seems determined to have one." Newland remembers even Dyrrol Burleson, fifth in the Olympic 1,500 meters in Tokyo, coming up after a race to demand his ribbon.

"I guess the more people we have, the more we compound some of the problems," says Tom Ragsdale, now chief organizer of the meets. "But usually I'm so busy out there I don't notice."

Shortly before five o'clock Ragsdale sets up the registration table at the south end of Hayward Field. Wearing a carpenter's apron bulging with stopwatches, pencils, tape measures, clips for the starting pis-



tol, Ragsdale is everywhere: raking sand in the long-jump pit, setting up hurdles, checking people in at the finish of the longer races, lining up kids for the sprints.

Dozens of three-foot-tall people run around in bright yellow shirts with ORANGE TRACK CLUB in green letters across the front. Some of the shirts also have names printed across the back. One boy is apparently named GO WALLY!

The Thursday meets are a wonder to me. There was nothing like this in my childhood: swarms of children running organized races, long jumping, putting the soft swarms of parents with stopwatches running on the infield, grinning maniacally or shouting themselves hoarse from the bleachers. Where would I be today if I'd had that?

Clustered around Mike Manley at the long-jump pit are the six-and-unders. Manley's own three boys are among the jumpers, and he is good at encouraging and directing everyone: "Run hard and jump when you get here!" He stamps and points to the take-off spot, several inches beyond the real board, to insure that kids will at least make it into the sand. Styles of locomotion at this age are often unique. One boy, running on his toes and leaning forward precariously, is so excited by Manley's cries that he jumps twice before takeoff, and the final skip is anticlimactic.

Geoff Manley, three, grinning hugely, forgets to jump at all and runs right through the pit, quite satisfied. Jason Manley, four, also grinning and watching the faces in the crowd, jumps and falls down and gets up looking betrayed. His trap back to the lineup detours through the comforting arms of his mother.

Jon Guldager, a quiet, round-faced child wearing hand-me-down green sat-in shorts and a white racing singlet, takes a very purposeful stance when his name is called and runs as if he knows just what he's doing. He draws "Ahh" from the crowd and eventually wins the four-and-under competition.

One particularly hot day everyone under five has red Kool-Aid stains around the mouth. Two tiny children sit at the end of the long-jump pit, oblivious of everything, hugging and kissing each other with Kool-Aid lips.

Huge turnout on Friday: the fast heat of the jogger's mile had 65 people in it. Connie tried for six minutes in the slow heat

and did 6:08. I tried for my six minutes in the open mile, running dead last, and did 6:05.1. I think if Connie and I had been in that race together, we might have made it. I was amazed at how good I felt. Kenny keeps telling me that I have to run harder, that it's supposed to hurt. Frankly, I'd rather it feel not too bad, like today.

Lili Ledbetter ran the two-mile, aiming for 12 minutes. We watched her lead a section of men twice her height and three times her age. Connie said, "She's breaking the wind—for their knees." After finishing in 11:56 Lili was surrounded by quiet-spoken boys about her size. No one was raucous, simply appreciative and pleased for her good run.

After the long jump on Thursdays comes the 70-yard dash. The starter is Wade Bell, 1968 Olympic half-miler. Dozens of heats are run every week. Bell fires the gun and Ragsdale has the next heat on the line before the first has hit the tape. One begins to notice particular sprinters, whether for their ability or for their individuality. One boy tucks his chin down into his collarbone, running the entire race with the top of his head leading, like a battering ram. Surprisingly, he wins almost every time.

During the girls' four-and-under race the shouting from the stands is tremendous. Then the leader stops a foot from the finish, shyly unwilling to break the string. All the little girls behind her stop, too, wherever they are, grinning happily at this unexpected new game. Inches away from the leader, the timers stand helplessly laughing, stopwatches ticking. Several parents just on the other side of the line hold out their arms, alternately laughing and pleading with their daughters to cross over. Then the father of the tyke in last place, seeing a chance for a ribbon, grabs his daughter's arm and propels her through the pack. Laughter stops. Parents holler at their kids to break the string. The father's movement seems to end the game and the leader finally crosses the line. In the next heat a tiny redhead wins, screams "Mom!", hands her mother the blue ribbon and slaps her knees in glee, delighted with herself.

Wade Bell is sending off more races. The 6-year-olds stand at the start and wave to everyone waiting for them at the finish. The 10-year-olds stretch and shake and succumb to their nerves.

"Runners, take your marks."

continued

"A must for anyone interested in big game angling!"



In a clear, straightforward text, together with many photographs and line drawings, the authors, both professionals who make their living at big game fishing, examine the full range of offshore fishing equipment and techniques.

- Materials needed for rigging baits
- Care and freezing of bait
- Do's and don'ts of knots
- What to do if you run out
- How to hook each fish
- Tackle, harnesses, and reel drags
- and much more!

"The finest how-to book I've ever read on deep sea fishing...a virtual education in heavy tackle fishing."

—Jim Hardie, *Miami Herald*

"Filled with information not available elsewhere in printed form, written in the earthy 'how-to' style that fishermen like." —Salt Water Sportsman

THE BLUE WATER BAIT BOOK

Secrets of Successful Big Game Fishing

by Captain Samuel A. Earp & Captain William J. Wildeman

\$7.95 at all book stores



A Sports Illustrated Book
Little, Brown and Company

"I don't feel ready for this. I feel sick," confides a 9-year-old.

"Set." The boy swallows and gets ready.

Bang!

Now the 9-year-old girls are up. They all seem to wear earrings and jingly bracelets and they all jump on "set," receiving a stern lecture from Wade, who decides to change his litany.

"Runners-take-your-marks-and-set," Bang!

At the finish line, timers and pickers are trying to keep up with the rapid-fire races. The confusion is aggravated by the parents, friends and siblings who descend on the track to congratulate or console.

All around, beneath the shouting, quiet peerage consultation continues. Somebody's always pulling a kid aside and whispering.

Ten-year-old boy, arm around a kid who clutches a white ribbon from the 5-year-old long jump: "Now, Matthew, at the 70-yard dash, start out kinda slow. Jog. And I'll be with you. I'll be on the side, and I'll tell you when to hit it, O.K.?"

Mother trying to persuade 4-year-old daughter to run the 440, enlists aid: "Kristan, you've run it. Tell Lisa. It isn't hard, is it?"

Four-year-old Lisa, later, to her pal Jon Guldager: "Are you rootin' for me or for the other guys?"

Jon: "For the other guys."

Lisa: (Silence. Baleful look.)

Jon: (Grin and upturned chin) "I am."

Lisa: "O.K., then, I'm not rootin' for you, either."

In the first two meets of the summer, people rootin' for Jon have lots to celebrate. He wins the long jump as well as his heats of the 70 and the 220. Then, between the second and third meets, he turns five and moves into another age group. Blue ribbons suddenly get scarce. In the last meet he doesn't win any first places and sits dejected on the grass, responding to sympathy with silence.

While Jon suffers the trauma of growing up, Tegan, the long jumper who runs on his toes, comes into his own in the four-and-under group. The first time he gets a blue ribbon he claps his hands and his tiny face is radiant.

If only this weren't so rare. I think of the 12-year-old girl who ran a 5:41.6 mile in the first meet. She looked so easy and fluid doing it that it was a pleasure to watch her. When I told her her time she

said, "Oh, no! I should've broken 5:40. My dad said I had a chance of breaking Lili's record. Are you sure that's what my time was? My dad. . . ." She was plainly upset at the prospect of her father's reaction. All I could think of was that lovely fluid run. I looked for her in later meets, but she never came back.

This kind of parental pressure is hard to abide. One Tuesday down at the track it was about 94°. A man came through the turnstile carrying a rake and a tape measure and wearing dark slacks, a long-sleeved shirt and a woolen vest. He had with him a boy about 11 years old, in shorts and an oversize T shirt. The boy began to practice long-jumping while the man raked and measured, standing off to one side judiciously.

The boy ran with a grimace and all the muscles of his neck stood out. Kenny said something to the man, who said, "You tell him. He'll listen more if someone like you tells him." So Kenny, the Olympic marathoner, explained that the trick was to relax all the muscles except the ones doing the work. The man said to the boy in a scathing I-told-you-so tone, "Do you understand?"

Was the father pushing or did the boy really enjoy the humorless instruction? Why didn't the man, who could've used it, jog with the boy himself? And why did the man wear all those clothes in 94° heat?

But whenever I get too discouraged by parents like this I think of Scott Slovic, who comes to run with his father and a university faculty group each noon. Or Lili Ledbetter, whose father breaks the wind for her as she runs her best mile, and afterward she says, "I couldn't have done it without him."

There were about eight or 10 women who wanted to run the mile, so we had our own race after the men's open mile. Five of us were right on pace at the quarter, but then Mary Ann and Ona, who were in the lead, slowed down, and I had to go around them just after the 660. Suddenly it seemed like a real race.

I was 3:01 at the half and 4:33 (with Connie right behind me) at the three-quarters. Mike hollered, "You have to run an 86." So I picked it up and strained to accelerate again when Kenny shouted, "Go at the 220!"

Coming into the homestretch, Connie was still behind me. I remember imagining invisible wires trailing from the

back of my head to pull her along. I knew we could do it.

I crossed the line and staggered onto the infield. Kenny came over and told me my time: 5:55.9. I must've smiled—I was glad—but mostly I was wiped out. My eyes felt as if they were going to pop.

Connie and I tottered around to recover. Her husband said, rather sheepishly, that he had timed her in 6:00.2. "I jumped up and down and shook the watch, but that's what it says," Mike said. But I know I heard 58 or 59 as Connie crossed the line behind me. I say we both broke six.

Afterward I was psyched up and frenetic. So I ran the 220 with Carole Hollister, nipping her at the finish. And then I jumped into the two-mile, which I knew was a mistake after three laps. But even the horrible stitch I got on the last lap couldn't bring me down.

Now that I've done it I don't have to be so nervous anymore. Trying to work down to 5:40 won't be nearly so terrifying. But I suppose if I ever get close to five minutes it'll be the same story as this time. There's something about breaking a minute barrier. . . .

Today I ran 5:49.5. Marvelous, marvelous, high. Afterward people asked what I'd run, and I kept slipping and saying, "4:49.5." Well, maybe someday?

Later some high school women wanted to run a 440 relay. Somehow we managed to scrape together three teams, though we had to drag a stranger out of the stands to do it. I don't remember who won or even who was on my team. Two teams didn't have bottoms. I ran anchor, and I think I came in last. But we had a great time.

The sun began to go down, and by the time the 220s were run it was hard to see across the infield. Children dug holes in the sand of the long-jump pits. A slender boy in a blue turtleneck and long pants executed a series of slow, graceful cartwheels, casting long shadows on the grass. Someone finished the 220, and his 10-year-old friend asked, "Don't you feel dizzy in the legs?" One pudgy girl asked another, "Are you glad you came?"

And Sean, age seven, proclaimed, "I got fourth-place ribbon yesterday in the 220!"

"Terrific! How fast did you run?" an adult asked.

"As fast as I could," the youngster answered.

END

C'mon

**Come for
the filter.**



**You'll stay for
the taste.**



**Good taste. Micronite filter.
C'mon. You're in for a nice surprise.**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

15 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report Apr. '75.



The new Honda Civic Wagon. It's a Honda Civic first, a Wagon second.

39 miles per gallon.

The best mileage of any wagon sold in the United States. That's what our brand-new Honda Civic CVCC Wagon got in 1975 EPA lab tests for highway driving.

We're proud of that. But we're even prouder that our Wagon is true to the basic concept of the Honda Civic: a car brilliantly designed to fit efficiently into today's complicated world.

Our Wagon gives you a stunning engineering accomplishment: the Honda CVCC Advanced Stratified Charge Engine. With this brilliant engine up front, our Wagon meets all 1975 emissions requirements without a catalytic converter. And it runs on regular, low-lead, or no-lead gas.

With four doors, plus a huge easy-lifting hatch on the back, this Wagon is easy to throw things into and grab things out of. When the rear seat is folded flat, the cargo area measures 52 inches from front seat to rear hatch. Yet the Wagon is only 9 inches longer overall than the Honda Civic CVCC Sedan.

Like other Honda Civics, the Wagon has front wheel drive, rack and pinion steering, and a dual diagonal braking system with power-assisted front disc brakes.

See your Honda Civic dealer right away for full information and a revealing test drive.

If you like wagons, we think you'll like the Honda Civic CVCC Wagon. Especially if you like Honda Civics.

CVCC and Civic are Honda trademarks. © 1975 American Honda Motor Co., Inc.



HONDA CIVIC

What the world is coming to.

A vibrant collage of children in various active poses, including jumping, running, and climbing. The children are wearing P.F. Flyers shoes. The background is a mix of bright colors like orange, red, and blue. A large, detailed P.F. Flyer shoe is prominently featured in the foreground, with a child's leg sticking out of it. The text is overlaid on the right side of the image.

**For the longest
play days...
P.F. Flyers[®]
by Converse.
The athletic shoe
for kids.**

Because your kids go all day running, jumping, climbing, tumbling around, they need a shoe that is as athletic as they are, P.F.'s by Converse, with exclusive Posture Foundation™ wedge and arch cushion. They're built to take what a kid's feet take hour after hour, day after day.

P.F.[®]

MORE THAN A PRETTY FACE

In a medium swarming with pretty faces it seemed inevitable that Phyllis George would reappear on television. Viewers first saw her on a September evening in 1970, when she came on the air as Miss Texas and went off a few hours later as Miss America. Still, her debut was not entirely auspicious; no sooner had she received her crown than it fell from her head, and she had to bend down in front of a TV audience of millions to retrieve it. Now George has returned to television in a different role—and this time she has gotten off to a more propitious start. After seven months of working on pretaped interviews that were incorporated into CBS' coverage of a variety of athletic events, she is appearing live as co-hostess of the network's *Sports Spectacular*.

Introduced last November to Bob Wussler, CBS vice-president in charge of sports, as the "living embodiment of *Seem- Tough*," George immediately impressed him as down-to-earth and capable of coping with the pressures of sports broadcasting. CBS then was recovering from a deluge of criticism of its use of its first woman announcer, Jane Chastain, on pro football telecasts. The network was partially to blame, having failed to define Chastain's role or to prepare the audience for her live appearances.

Wussler's unsettling experience with Chastain had its effect: his approach with George would differ. Unlike Chastain, George had not sought the job, and she questioned her qualifications, as she knew others would. "Why should viewers listen to a former Miss America talk about sports?" she asked. Wussler told her he would rely on her poise and natural ease with people while developing her knowledge of sports. And he would avoid placing George in positions that would conspicuously test her expertise. The aptness of that was proved the one time George attempted conventional sportscommentary on a tennis series called *Pressure Point*. Her lack of familiarity with the game resulted in an embarrassingly poor performance.

Before that, George had begun to establish an interviewing style that allowed her to work comfortably in the "softer" phases of sportscommentary. Her first assignment was a filmed interview with Celtic Center Dave Cowens, who is well known for his devotion

to privacy, a preference George could appreciate. A month into her Miss America reign she had complained, "Oh, Mother, don't you know that I'm so tired of trying to look pretty all the time?" As Cowens and George drove to his house, she used her understanding of this problem to build rapport with him. "I try to put people at ease," she says. "I tell them I'm not an expert, I want to learn from them. And then I ask lots of questions. We laugh together, and when it is time for the cameras, we're not strangers anymore."

Her 2½-minute Cowens interview—probably the best national television piece ever done on him—was telecast at halftime of an NBA Game of the Week. It was an early indication of the efficacy of her approach. During the interview George described Cowens as a man with "a touch of Huck Finn lingering inside." And she brought that aspect of him alive on film as he sat in his weathered front-porch rocker and gave homespun analyses of such subjects as teamwork.

But George's future interviews will require more than a homey approach. Her film producer, Bud Morgan, has seen some improvement. "Technically Phyllis' openings and closings are better, but her interviews still lack tough questioning," he says.

Becoming an aggressive reporter will be difficult for George because of her experience as the subject of tough questions. As Miss America, she constantly had to defend her title before a hostile press. Having been a target, she hesitates to ask piercing questions, but her interview with Jimmy Connors before his challenge match with John Newcombe offered her little room to retreat to her usual relaxed technique.

Connors is unpopular, and George could not ignore it. "I'm beginning to probe," she says. "When I asked Jimmy why he wasn't liked, it hurt me because I felt I



PHYLLIS GEORGE WITH RUFFIAN'S OWNER, STUART JANNEY

was offending him. This is not my style."

Listening is not always part of her style, either, and she realizes it. George's tendency has been to rescue her subjects from awkward pauses, recalling the times she sought similar aid but was forced to keep talking—and revealing things about herself.

CBS employed George advantageously in its coverage of Ruffian and the ill-fated match race. Her assignment began with an early-morning workout preceding the filly's victory in the Coaching Club American Oaks. She followed Ruffian to Belmont Park for live coverage of the Oaks and on to her race against Foolish Pleasure. Her live interviews with the New York Racing Association veterinarian and Ruffian's owners proved timely, and the footage of the filly emerging from the early-morning fog in George's taped piece is poignant.

The network's use of George throughout the Ruffian story shows a careful effort to rectify its earlier misassignment of Chastain. By airing George's introductory piece the week before the race CBS succeeded in familiarizing its horse-racing fans with both Phyllis and the filly before their live appearances. And her live performances at the track benefited from the weeks she spent there doing pretaped segments.

George is still no sports expert, nor does she pretend to be. But she is rapidly becoming more than just another pretty face. **END**



Hitters wonder what weird things go on beneath Al Hrabosky's hat

Had by a Mad Hungarian

There have been Monsters and Vultures aplenty in major league bullpens over the years, but until a band of manic gypsies—or was it the Magyar herds?—left Al Hrabosky at the doorstep of the Cardinals, there had never been anything like the Mad Hungarian. In only his second full season, the 26-year-old Little League reject has become the National League's best relief pitcher, with a 9-2 record and a 1.42 ERA. And while dousing fires all across the land, Hrabosky has also antagonized opponents, incited crowds and raised questions about his sanity. He has provoked these reactions mostly with his habit of psyching himself by stepping behind the

mound, turning his back to the plate and thinking long and hatefully about the batter. Then he stomps back to the rubber to deliver a fastball as lethal as a knockout punch.

Hrabosky looks like the meanest man on the Saturday night wrestling card. His hazel eyes squint out from narrow, deep-set sockets. His mustache droops malevolently around his mouth and curls underneath his chin. His is the face of a man who would bite the head off a live cockatoo, or at least the face of a man who very nearly tried.

That happened last week in Chicago, when an inebriated fan leaned into the St. Louis bullpen and placed the bird on Hrabosky's head. Hrabosky grabbed it and contemplated a villainous act that would assure him lasting infamy.

"I want batters to think I'm crazy," he says. "I want them to *know* I'm crazy." And what could be crazier than decapitating a bird with one fatal chomp? "I wanted to, but my teammates talked me out of it."

Hrabosky is not as mad or even as Hungarian (his mother is of Irish extraction) as he would like people to believe. After all, how bad can a former Disneyland attendant be? And although Hrabosky is passionately booed on the road, he is esteemed in St. Louis, where fans paste I Hlove Hrabosky stickers on their bumpers. They were incensed when Los Angeles Manager Walter Alston excluded him from the All-Star team, a conspicuous omission considering Hrabosky's four wins and two saves against the Dodgers this season. When Alston announced his All-Star pitching staff, the Cardinal management immediately scheduled a Hrabosky Hbanner Hday in protest and expected a few hundred bod sheets to be unfurled. Almost 1,000 banners were paraded into Busch Stadium.

While he blatantly provokes loathing in Los Angeles and hatred in Houston, Hrabosky quietly supports campaigns against muscular dystrophy, multiple sclerosis and other crippling diseases in St. Louis. But call him the Happy Hungarian, as one teammate dared to do on television, and he will complain that such treatment "ruins my image."

Hrabosky's image has been long in the making, and it has been richly enhanced by his telling. For example, there is the matter of his high school football career in Anaheim, Calif. "I was probably the meanest man ever to play the game," he

says. "I loved to inflict pain. I made a scene of the late hit. Once when a player made a catch in my defensive area, I piled on top of him. Then, while offering to help him up, I slapped him. I was usually thrown out by the third quarter."

As he tells it, he was no less notorious during his two seasons in the Mexican Pacific League. "I always carried a .38-caliber pistol in a belt holster," he says. "It gave me a feeling of power."

In Mexico, Hrabosky became a friend of the local *polista*, a symbiotic relationship if there ever was one: they would take him to the park in their paddy wagon, and he would lend them rifle ammunition from his personal cache. The hometown fans there loved him, calling him "El Cordobes" after the bullfighter. He called himself "Bandido Loco" or Crazy Bandit. During the playoffs one year, he celebrated each of his team's runs by lighting fireworks in front of the dugout. When the umpires finally made him stop, he gave the rockets to the fans, who launched them from the stands.

Hrabosky is no longer the Bandido Loco of old. "I'm more serious about the game now," he says. "I'm among the elite and I have to respect that. Back in Mexico I didn't know if there was anything I could do very well. Now success has become both my turn-on and my release. I've learned how to control myself better."

There are differences of opinion over the reasons for Hrabosky's success. His teammates consider him a natural talent; he believes he would still be struggling had he not adopted his psyching technique during last year's All-Star break. "People may think I'm a weirdo when they see me, but it's something I've got to do," Hrabosky says. "I consider my fastball only average, but when I psych myself I'll put it against anybody's."

It's positive thinking. I visualize myself throwing to a certain spot. Then I see the batter swing and miss. I make it a personal battle between the two of us by thinking about something he's done against my team. Too many pitchers look like they are scared to death on the mound. Not me. I try to turn the situation around. I want the batter to be afraid, to wonder if I am a little crazy."

If Hrabosky is crazy, it doesn't seem to harm his pitching. His .818 winning percentage and 14 saves lead the National League. In 43 appearances totaling 57 innings he has struck out 45, walked just

continued

Your menthol
letting you down?

Come up to the consistently
smooth taste of extra coolness.
The taste that only KOOL has.

Come up to KOOL.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

"French Colombard from Ernest and Julio Gallo is a richly rewarding experience.

It will surely be one of the finest wines you have ever tasted!"

Peter Ustinov

"I urge you to try it."



Ernest and Julio Gallo vinted, cellared and bottled these fine California wines in Modesto, California.
Ruby Cabernet • Sauvignon Blanc • French Colombard • Chenin Blanc • Zinfandel • Barbera • Riesling • Rose

17 and, despite his ferocious chatter, hit only one batter.

"I'm not the kind of reliever who likes to go in every day," he says. "I want to pitch only when the game is close. If I fail, I don't lose my composure or feel embarrassed. I figure I just didn't have good location with my pitches. On the road, people pay to see me fail. Nothing gives me more pride than a standing bow."

THE WEEK

(July 25-Aug. 2)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AL WEST

Every team in the West experienced some sort of a revival. Last-place Minnesota (4-4) even won its first doubleheader since September 1973, surprising Chicago 4-1 and 8-3. Wilbur Wood of the White Sox (3-5), who had a dismal start, gained his fourth and fifth victories in a row to improve his record to 11-13. Texas had three resuscitated pitchers: Gaylord Perry, the majors' biggest loser with 15 setbacks, beat the Angels 2-1 on two hits and has yielded only one earned run in his last four games. Steve Hargan, winless for almost a month, muffed the A's 6-1. And after more than two months without a victory, Bill Hands stopped the Angels 8-2. Nolan Ryan of California (12-4) earned only his second win in his last 10 decisions, squeaking past Chicago 5-4. Making a winner out of Ryan was John Doherty, a 194 batter who hit a two-run pinch single in the ninth.

Kansas City (4-3) got two wins from Steve Busby (14-8) and ran its record to 7-3 under new Manager Whitey Herzog. But visions of catching Oakland (5-2) were crumbled by Billy Williams and Reggie Jackson. Williams homered and drove in the deciding run with an eighth-inning single as the A's put down K.C. 6-5. Jackson, who started slowly this year, also hit a homer in that game, his fourth of the week and 27th of the season.

OAK 39-39 KC 57-40 CHC 55-54
TEX 50-57 MINN 47-65 CAL 47-61

AL EAST

Bill Vardon began the week seeking a way "to turn things around" after New York had lost three six-hit shutouts in a row. By week's end both the Yankees and Vardon had been turned around. For the Yanks it was a pleasant about-face as they won three straight. But that mini-streak did not help Vardon, who was turned out of his job. Billy Martin replaced him as manager and directed the Yankees to a 5-3 victory over the Indians in his first game. One of the runs was the result

of a Roy White homer, New York's first in 13 games.

Boston (7-2) got a pair of wins from both Bill Lee and Roger Moret, who combined to sweep doubleheaders from New York (1-0 and 6-0) and Detroit (3-2 and 6-1), and two more from reliever Jim Willoughby. Jim Rice had two game-winning hits, one a bunt that defeated the Tigers 8-7, while Carlton Fisk's five-RBI night squelched the Brewers 7-6. Denny Doyle extended his hitting streak to 20 games.

Milwaukee was the only team to slow down Boston, Jim Colborn stopping the Sox 4-0 and Jim Stalen winning 6-2. Gorman Thomas went on a near-record streakout binge, fanning in 10 consecutive official at bats, one short of the mark for nonpitchers. After ending his streak by grounding into a double play, Thomas took his post in center field and got a standing ovation from Boston fans. "I think they were sharing my success. They became attached to me," he said.

Thomas' DP ball was only the beginning of double trouble for the Brewers (2-6). They lost their fourth and fifth twin bunks of the year, both to the Orioles (6-2). Tommy Davis, who had had only two homers all season, blasted Milwaukee with a pair of grand slams. His first came in the 10th inning of an 11-6 slugfest in which the Birds, down 6-0 in the ninth, tied the score on a three-run homer by Al Bumbry. Davis' other poke knocked off the Brewers 6-4.

Cleveland (3-4) downed Baltimore twice. Charlie Spikes settled a 7-5 contest with two RBIs in the 10th inning, and Johnny Ellis, released from Manager Frank Robinson's doghouse, slugged a two-run homer for a 3-1 Indian triumph.

Not even 10 home runs, four by Willie Horton, could untrack the Tigers (2-7), who committed 10 errors.

BOS 60-42 BAL 50-46 NY 54-61
MIL 52-58 CLE 46-57 DET 48-60

NL WEST

John Montefusco of the Giants vowed he would shut out the Reds and strike out Johnny Bench four times. Not quite. After 1 1/2 innings Montefusco was removed, having been creamed for seven runs, three coming on a homer by Bench. Cincinnati set a major league mark for consecutive incomplete games (45) before Pat Darcy stopped the Giants for his first complete game ever. The Reds (4-3) lost twice to the Dodgers (3-4), but L.A.'s hopes for making up ground on the leaders were dimmed when Cincy won 1-0 behind Tom and Clay Carroll.

San Francisco and Atlanta (both 4-3) thrived on clutch hits. The Giants beat the Astros 3-2 on Chris Speier's homer and overcame the Reds 4-2 on Bobby Murcer's two-run double. The Braves handed Mike Marshall of the Dodgers his 10th and 11th losses.

Biff Pocoreba beat him 5-3 with a two-run single, and in an 11-10 slugfest Rowland Dickey clinched a six-run ninth with a homer. Atlanta also won a 15-inning, 8-6 game in San Diego when Darrell Evans homered.

San Diego (4-3), which lost 17 of 18 to the Braves last season, took two of three from them last week. Randy Jones was credited with both of the victories, 3-1 and 4-0, throwing only 79 pitches in the latter.

For Houston (2-5) the brightest moment came when Pitcher Jose Sosa hit a three-run homer in his first big-league at bat. That came in an 8-4 win over the Padres at which Sosa also got his first save.

CIN 70-38 LA 56-52 SF 54-52
SD 51-57 ATL 47-50 HOU 28-72

NL EAST

"It's beautiful when we get the burners cooking," said Dave Cash after the Phillies (3-5) stole five bases in two wins over the Pirates. Also dazzling the Pirates was Rightfielder Jay Johnstone. In a bunt situation, Johnstone sneaked behind Bic Frank Taveras at first base and tagged him on a pickoff throw from Catcher Johnny Oniz.

New York (6-3) did even more to keep the first-place chase alive, beating Pittsburgh (3-5) three times. Jerry Kosman, aided by Dave Kingman's two homers, bumped off the Pirates 6-2. Kugan then bunted across a run in a 4-2 Met win. And Jon Matlack beat the Bucs 6-0. Only once did the Pirate bats boom—on Babushka Night in Pittsburgh when the Bucs capped the Phils 8-1.

Bob Gibson, 39, and Ron Fory, 37, gave St. Louis (5-3) a lift. Gibson hurled 7 1/2 scoreless innings as he got his first relief win since 1964 and his first save since 1965. Fairly baited .500, having his average to .329.

Chicago (4-4) was bolstered by nine home runs and undermanned by Keystone Cops fielding. The most embarrassing misadventure came when the Cubs made two wild throws to let Gary Carter of the Expos circle the bases on a bunt.

Montreal Manager Gene Mauch almost became a basket case. It all began when a drive by Barry Foote of the Expos hit a wire basket around the ivy-covered wall in Chicago for what should have been a three-run homer. Umpire Art Williams declared it a double. Mauch argued in vain and the Expos lost 4-3. A day later, Mike Jorgensen hit the same basket and was credited with a home run, and Montreal won 6-1. The Expos stunned the Phillies 4-3 with a lightning-quick rally in the bottom of the ninth. Tim Loh hit the first pitch for a single, Foose singled on the next delivery and Pinch Hitter Nae Colborn bopped the third pitch of the inning over the center-field fence.

PIT 62-62 PHIL 60-48 NY 56-60
ST. L. 54-52 CHC 49-55 HOU 44-56

An outlander finally finds some friends

It took almost a century for the shad to catch on with anglers in the Northwest. Now that it is welcome, the feisty little transplant is needed back home in Eastern waters

For nearly 100 years anglers along the Columbia River in the Pacific Northwest have suffered from an "adipose complex." Biologist Dick Duncan's tongue-in-cheek definition for an obsession with Chinook salmon and steelhead trout, both of which sport a small fatty fin between their dorsal and tail fins. Fortunately, the complex is not particularly debilitating, and recently there have been signs of a lessening of the obsession by transference. It is a slow process, but one that has been gaining momentum over the last decade and a half as the Columbia River salmon population has decreased while the early summer run of shad has grown.

The shad is a silvery member of the herring family that came across the continent by rail in 1871, only to be denigrated in its new home as poor white trash for almost a century. The principal drawback to the shad's acceptance was that its maximum weight is about nine pounds, with the average being closer to four, while Columbia River salmon routinely run up to 40 pounds. But the shad is a fighter, ranking with the smallmouth bass as freshwater bantam-weight champion. Moreover, it is a producer of roe that is one of the delicacies of Continental and Northeastern cuisine. Strangely, shad roe is still a rarity on Northwest tables, even as the banks of the Columbia draw more and more anglers who have discovered that a fish does not have to be adipose to be a worthy antagonist.

Not all salmon men have been converted, of course. "Shad's too little to catch and too damn bony to eat," growled one. "Roe? Who wants to eat fish eggs?" Well, Nero Wolfe, to name one, as well as a small but growing number of Northwesters proselytized by Roy Craft, who in

1958 left a job as a press agent for 20th Century-Fox to run the *Skamania County Pioneer*, a country weekly in Stevenson, Wash.

His crafty campaign, however, does not account entirely for the shad's sudden rise from trash to triumph. That transformation also stemmed from a joint decision by Oregon and Washington fish and game authorities to close the Columbia to sportsmen and commercial gill-netters when it became evident the spring and summer salmon and steelhead runs were dangerously scanty. The loss of two-thirds of their annual salmon festival (there is also a fall run) set fishermen scrambling for a substitute. There were two choices: the diminutive but seasonally plentiful shad (on which there is no limit) or the occasional monstrous white sturgeon, which run up to 1,200 pounds (but with sternly enforced restrictions to fish under six feet long but more than three).

Some anglers, like Paul Sabel, a retired Portland construction man who has fished the Columbia for decades, go for both. One day recently Sabel could be seen planted on the rocky Oregon shore a mile or so below Bonneville Dam, patiently attaching a chunk of aged lamprey to a sturgeon hook and tying a rusty railroad spike to the leader on his 50-pound line. (Sturgeon are bottom feeders.) "I fish for shad when the water is higher," Sabel said. "But this is good sturgeon weather."

It was mighty cold for July, with a west wind whistling up the deep Columbia gorge, yet as far as one could see, fishermen were casting hopeful lures. "A lot of these fellows haven't really learned to fish for shad yet," Sabel said. "You need the lightest possible line, and your lure must be rigged to be retrieved

just below the surface. But on an ultralight rod and 4-pound test line a shad is a great test of skill. Only the little jack salmon compares to it pound for pound as a fighter."

Sabel has yet to try eating shad roe, but that is the thing that interests Eric Iljes and Enn Kotkas, two biologists who work the Washougal Reef, some 20 miles east of Portland. They are gathering the eggs for Ichthyological Associates, a Pennsylvania firm that has been hired by Eastern utility companies in an effort to restock the depleted shad population of the Susquehanna River. "We've collected about 13 million eggs so far," says Enn Kotkas. "We work with a commercial fishery at Washougal, using drift gillnets. We strip the female shad and mix the eggs with malt to fertilize them. Then we return them to the water for an hour or so to harden and airfreight them east in Styrofoam containers fortified with pure oxygen. We hope to get about 50 million this year."

There is a note of irony in the eastward shipment of the shad, so treasured on the Atlantic Seaboard and so lightly held in the West. Why were they ever sent West in the first place? Ivan Donaldson, who served as fish biologist for the Corps of Engineers at Bonneville from 1941 until his retirement in 1973, says, "In those early days the Federal Government wanted to enrich the earth by planting alien species anywhere they weren't." The first consignment, in 1871, went to the Sacramento River in California. It wasn't easy. Fry, rather than eggs, were shipped, and the water in the tanks had to be changed at almost every rail stop. Eric Shoubridge, a graduate student at McGill University who is studying biological differences that may (or may not) have developed in the species since trans-

continued

How to get more calculations from calculator batteries.



- Replace all batteries at the same time to avoid mixing new batteries with worn-out ones.
 - Store batteries and calculator in cool, dry place (room temperature).
 - If storing for a long period, remove batteries from calculator.
 - Choose the right batteries.
- "Eveready" Heavy Duty Batteries, for example, deliver more energy than ordinary flashlight batteries. And cost only a few cents more. So for most calculator use, "Eveready" Heavy Duty Batteries provide longer-lasting power for less money per hour than ordinary flashlight batteries.

Here's a flashlight that's waterproof, and it floats—the "Eveready" "Skipper".

Sportsmen have been using our big floating lanterns for years. So we thought they'd like a *flashlight* that floats, too. That's why we designed the "Eveready" "Skipper". It not only floats. It's waterproof. Rust-resistant. And has a tough, high-impact plastic case. So don't worry about dropping it in the water or on the ground. What's more, there's a highly reliable, long-lasting push-button switch that's self cleaning. The "Eveready" "Skipper" is one of the toughest flashlights we've ever made. Probably the best looking you'll ever see.



What's the longest lasting all-purpose power system you can buy?

An alkaline power system. But that doesn't mean we recommend it for everyone. Alkaline Power Cells are specifically designed to last longer, work harder in high energy devices. Devices that can really strain a battery. Like cassette players, toys, calculators, walkie-talkies, electronic flash units, and movie cameras. Sure, you'll pay less for ordinary batteries. But none of them gives you as much power in devices that demand high energy as "Eveready" Alkaline Power Cells. So in the long run they may save you money.

Eveready wants you to know

UNION
CARBIDE

Smokers of the best-selling
regular size cigarette:

Cut your 'tar' in half



with
LUCKY 100's

**Lowest
in 'tar' of all
regular 100's**

According to latest
U.S. Government Report.

LUCKY 100's "tar" 10 mg. nicotine, 0.7 mg.
Best-selling regular size "tar" 25 mg. nicotine, 1.6 mg.
Per 100 Cigarettes. U.S. Gov't Report Apr. '75.
Av. Per Cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '75.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

LUCKY 100's, 10 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '75.

FISHING *continued*

plantation, says only half jokingly that each batch of new water was tested by dropping a fish into a bottle and looking it in the eye. "If the shad looked back, they figured that the water was all right."

The first Sacramento River transplants had migrated north to the Columbia by 1876, and subsequent batches dumped in Idaho's Snake River, and in the Columbia and Willamette in Oregon, have ventured as far north as the Fraser in British Columbia. Between them, the Columbia and Sacramento populations have spread to the Russian, the Trinity, the Rogue, the Coos, the Umpqua and the Siuslaw. Unlike salmon, which homes in on its hatching site after a two- to six-year tour at sea and then dies after spawning, shad may make many spawning trips before they die of old age—or imprudently take a lure.

Shad also have become masters of dam running. In 1944 only an estimated 2,000 mounted the Bonneville fish ladders, but the addition of another giant Columbia River dam and an accompanying still-water impoundment 45 miles upstream at The Dalles created an almost unbelievable surge.

In 1973 some 780,000 shad were counted at The Dalles, making the Columbia run the largest in the world. And this year two shad were swimming up the Bonneville ladders for every salmon that went through. Dick Duncan, the corps fish biologist at The Dalles, cites yet another shad curiosity: "Sometimes the totals at The Dalles will be several hundred thousand more than at the Bonneville ladders," he says. This disparity requires an almost anthropomorphic explanation: the shad collect below the Bonneville locks, waiting for a boat, then swim placidly through as the water rises, thus evading the counters and, presumably, sneering at the salmon doggedly fighting their way upstream.

No matter how they manage it, the fact is shad are proliferating and millions of their eggs are being flown east to replenish the pollution-depleted streams of their ancestors. The Portland *Oregonian* has even allowed that shad now is a seriously threatened species with eggs or used in an omelet. Suddenly, it seems, the Columbia River shad has become an asset to sport fisheries a continent apart.

AND

How to get a great looking
six-passenger car...
with automatic transmission,
power front disc brakes, power steering,
V-8, steel-belted radials and more.
And come out smiling.

Ford Torino. Under \$4,000.*

*Base sticker price excluding
title, taxes, destination
charges and dealer preparation.



Torino 4-Door Pillared Hardtop with optional WSW tires (\$36)

More families are buying
Ford's Torino than any other
mid-size 4-Door car in America.

There are two ways to make a mid-size
4-Door car like Torino.

One way is to make it like a bigger
small car. Which means you might set-
tle for less seating, smaller engines,
manual transmissions and the like.

The other way is to make it like a
smaller big car.

That's exactly what we've done with
our Ford Torino.

Torino is more spacious than some
other mid-size cars, with full room for 6

people (for instance, Torino has more
leg and hip room than Chevelle).

Equipped like full-size cars. When it
comes to standard equipment, Torino is
equipped more like a big car than any
other car in its class.

Its low price includes almost every
popular feature found standard in full-
size Fords. Automatic transmission.
Power front disc brakes. Power steering.
A 351 CID V-8 engine. Steel-belted ra-
dials. Plus many other refinements.

Mid-size value. Add to all this
Torino's low scheduled maintenance
and its mid-sized operating economy;
and what have you got? Value.

So if you're looking for a mid-size car,
you have a choice. Buy a bigger small
car plus a bunch of extra-cost options.

Or buy a Torino—a smaller big car
with what you want standard.

And come out smiling.

Ford means value. And
prices may never be lower.
See your local Ford Dealer.

FORD TORINO

FORD DIVISION



What a battle in Seattle

It was the Sounders against the Portland Timbers in the division race, but it was interstate warfare as well and, by George, Washington won

At the end of regulation play last Saturday night, Barry Watling, the Seattle goalie by way of Hartlepool, England, was wondering if his dolls had begun to lose their magic. With just 35 seconds to play, a desperation Portland shot had ricocheted off one of his Seattle teammates and into the net. That locked the score at 2-2 and the two North American Soccer League powers were heading into sudden-death overtime. Sadly, Watling picked up the two dolls he tucks away in one corner of the goal before every game and carried them to the sideline.

There, John Best, the Seattle coach, quietly began to rally his stunned troops. In the stands of the picturesque high school stadium where the Sounders play their home games, a sellout crowd of 17,925 moaned over the misfortune. This was the third meeting between the two rivals, with each having won once. Seattle

needed a victory to stay in contention for the Western Division championship.

The Portland Timbers, in their first season, had come in with a record of 16-4 and 136 points. Seattle was in second place, 13-6, with 112 points. In the NASL you get six points for every victory, plus a point for each goal scored up to three per game. With three regular-season games to play, the Sounders still had a chance. But even if they lost to the Timbers, they were virtually certain to make the playoffs. "But it's not the same," explained Sounder General Manager Jack Daley. "True, all we need is one victory in our next three games and we'll be in the playoffs as one of the wild-card teams. But then we'll have to play all our games on the road. Only the division champions are assured of at least one home game."

The bitterest blow, though, would be finishing behind Portland, a group of

yeomanly Englishmen who assembled just a few days before the season opened and have since taken great delight in thrashing almost everyone, especially Seattle just a week earlier.

The Timbers won that one by a score of 2-1 before a crowd of 27,310 in Portland. Three nights later 23,005 Portland fans turned out to see their heroes beat San Jose 3-2. (In between, 5,076 fans watched Portland Thunder of the WFL play an exhibition game against Philadelphia.) "Seattle playing Portland has become as heated as any neighborhood-division rivalry they have in England," said Best. "It's Liverpool playing Everton. After they beat us, Portland celebrated all night. It was a victory for the whole town. And in Seattle everyone has been saying how they'd show Portland who had the best team next time. It's what real soccer should be."

And now, with overtime about to begin, Best began to prime his athletes. "Heads up, lads," he said quietly. "They can't stay lucky forever. You've devastated them all night. Just keep playing as you have been. One of our shots has to go in sometime." He shook his head. "The way we've played, we should have won 5-0 by now."

By 5-0 at least. For one thing, four of the Timbers were slowed by injuries. And then there is the width of the Sounders' field, which is six yards narrower than the Timbers' home pitch. Portland has two fine wingmen, Jimmy Kelly, a 5'6" magician from Belfast, and Willie Anderson, 5'8", from Liverpool. The narrower field took some of the sting out of their speed.

But the man the Sounders had to neutralize was Peter Withe, the big, strong striker who had scored both goals against them in their last game. Withe, who was just sold for \$150,000 by Wolverhampton to Birmingham City in the English first division (he plays year round), is the target man in Portland's attack, and he terrorizes goalies. A favored Portland play is a long flier to Withe, who butts the ball back to Barry Powell, who in turn deals off to Kelly. Then it's right back to Withe, and—wham—a 60-mph bullet flying at some hapless goalie.

"If we stop those three," said Jim Gabriel, Best's assistant and a skilled defender with 12 years' first-division experience, "the rest cannot beat us."

The job of stopping Withe fell to Mike England, a legend in English soccer. A



SEATTLE'S BALDWIN SHOWED NO FAVORITES, SCORING ONE GOAL FOR EACH SIDE



WATLING'S DOLLS WORKED THEIR MAGIC

6'2", 184-pound Welshman, England was more than equal to the task. He simply placed all that muscle in front of Withe and there it stayed. Then Seattle put two men on Kelly, and Hank Liott, normally an offense player, on Powell—and Portland's potent offense never really got going.

Well, almost never. With 20 minutes gone, Kelly, closely guarded by Adrian Webster and Dave Gillett, brought the ball down the sideline, made one of his adroit moves and drilled a kick toward Withe. Out moved Watling from the goal to intercept. Only Gillett nicked a piece of the ball, just enough to deflect it away from Watling and right to Withe, who popped it in for a 1-0 Portland lead.

Meanwhile, both sides were actively establishing two of the prime rules of English soccer: 1) go right out and show your opponent you are more rugged than he, and 2) when the opponent tries to show you how rugged he is, never take a step backward. Fights began breaking out all over, most of them involving Seattle's John Rowlands, a free spirit who is both the Sounders' target man and their enforcer. After one particularly fierce battle, Rowlands drew a yellow card, or referee's caution. A second

card, a red one, and you're out of the game. If the warning intimidated Rowlands, it was not apparent.

"John's a veteran," Best said. "He knows how far he can go before crossing over the line. He's been walking that line most of his life."

Too, Rowlands showed there was more than one way to stop the Timbers. Again Kelly brought the ball down the sideline and fired it to Graham Day. The crowd gasped as Day leaped to head the ball just outside the Seattle goal. Rowlands reached two muscular arms around Day's neck from behind and hauled him to the ground. It was, for sure, a penalty-shot offense. Everyone in Seattle saw it but the referee. "I thought it was a great piece of defensive work myself," Rowlands said later.

With less than 14 minutes to play in the first half, Seattle tied the score on a four-yard header by Tom Baldwin. Early in the second half, England, who had scored only once all season, found himself with the ball and open space just inside his own half of the field, and took off straight for Portland's goal. As Seattle's attackers began to set up, Graham Brown, Portland's superb goalie, tried to figure who the big defender would pass off to. Instead, 30 yards out, England drilled the ball into the net.

The way Portland was being closed off, that should have been it. The clock began winding down. Then, with 31 sec-

onds left, Powell kicked a desperation shot. Baldwin, defending just to the left of the net, lifted a leg to hook the ball outside. Instead, he deflected it into the net. Overtime.

Sighing, Watling picked up his two dolls and went back onto the field. Actually, it is the second pair he's had this season. The first two dolls, which were given to him by Gabriel's daughters, had become bedraggled.

Seattle wrapped the game up in less than three minutes. The Timbers helped by knocking the ball out-of-bounds near their own goal. Seattle sent Paul Crossley, who led the league in assists with 11 and needed only one more to tie the league record, to throw in the ball. Firing between two crossing defenders, Crossley found Rowlands near the goal, and the big centerforward nodded it into the net. Never have 17,925 fans made so much noise.

Seattle has two games remaining with San Antonio and San Jose; Portland just one, with Los Angeles.

Portland doesn't have to win to clinch the championship. The Timbers need only two goals, which will give them two points and put them out of reach of Seattle no matter what the Sounders do. What Seattle needs is two victories and at least three goals in each.

"No sweat," said Rowlands. "I'd lay a few dollars on us. If I could get the right odds."

END



JOHN ROWLANDS, WHO SCORED THE WINNING GOAL, ALSO THROTTLED A TIMBER THREAT

They're making a killing

By the time the rooster starts squawking at the Palm Beach Kennel Club compound, Danny Williams has already been awake for an hour. Pale of face but clear of eye in the predawn darkness, he guides his truck over the hard-packed sand to his kennel, ready after four hours of sleep to begin his normal 20-hour day.

The greyhounds are singing in their cages, an eerie, lonesome, *Twilight Zone* music halfway between a howl and high C, waiting for their morning release into the dirt pen behind the kennel, waiting for Williams to walk among them, hard put to keep his balance while they jump all over him, high-strung and surging with more energy than they can control, crazy for the touch of his hands.

"These dogs are killers," he says, surrounded by greyhounds pushing toward him, calling each by name and wrestling with them until both he and the dogs are grinning and sweaty. "They'll kill anything that moves away from them except humans. They'll chase and kill horses, cows, dogs, cats, anything. Once they taste that live rabbit when they're pups, they're killers for life."

"Now, you take these yo-yos in the humane societies carrying on about how many greyhounds are put to sleep every year. Figure it this way. You got thousands of greyhounds born every year, and most of them can't run. So thousands of greyhounds are gassed."

"What else can you do with them? You give them away as pets, and a neighbor lets his cat out of the house, and that cat is gone, ripped to shreds just like the live rabbits these dogs are trained on. The yo-yos in the humane societies look at a greyhound, and he looks skinny, and they start screaming that we're starving him to death to make him kill-crazy for the rabbit, to make him run faster."

"What they don't know is that these dogs eat better than most people. Chopped meat, egg yolks, fish, fruit, vegetables. You take one of them Afghan idiots and you run your hand on him and he's all bone and hair. You run your hand on one of these dogs, and he's all muscle. They're not kill-crazy 'cause we starve them. They're kill-crazy 'cause

Florida bettors love greyhounds, who love rabbits. The trouble is, a lot of people love rabbits, too

they're trained on live rabbits. People like to bet, and greyhounds like to kill. It's natural."

It seems natural to Williams because it has been part of his life since he was a child on his grandfather's 160-acre farm in Marlow, Okla., where greyhounds were the reason to wake up early on a Sunday, drive to the crossroads store, sit around talking tall all morning about whose dog could walk on water and, finally, when the talk turned as flat as the land around the talkers, get up and go coursing.

Coursing, Williams explains, coaxing his pickup from kennel to breakfast at Joan & Jerry's Restaurant, is turning two greyhounds loose in a big field, giving a jackrabbit a 100-yard head start and seeing which of the dogs can turn the rabbit first, grab it in his jaws and break its spine.

Inside Joan & Jerry's, Williams forks down his fried eggs without wasted motion, anxious to return to his dogs. If someone were to suggest to him that training greyhounds by encouraging them to tear apart live rabbits is a repulsive and vicious process, it would evoke from Williams the same reaction that the waitress would evoke if she were to grab the fork out of his hand and accuse him of unnecessary cruelty toward fried eggs.

What Williams and his fellow greyhound people know, and what the general public has not been made aware of until recently, is that racing greyhounds have been trained on live rabbits since the beginning of greyhound racing in Egypt around 60 B.C. And that without the killer instinct, a greyhound would not chase a toy rabbit around a race-track, and people would not bet, and Florida's general fund would have

been 543 million poorer in fiscal 1974.

Nonetheless, Floridians were startled on the morning of May 6, 1973 when, upon opening *The St. Petersburg Times*, they found a color picture of a live white "Easter bunny" hanging by its legs from a moving lure while open-jawed greyhounds pursued it around a training track. Other pictures showed coursing dogs closing in on a jackrabbit, and grabbing it by the neck.

In the accompanying article *Times* Staff Writer Allen Cowan described the training process he had observed at Richard Kiper's Central Florida Greyhound College near Ocala:

"The greyhound is trained with a lure that has a live white rabbit tied on by its hind legs. The rabbit dangles inches off the ground on the gliding lure, its eyes bulging, its chest pounding, bleating as it watches its killers in pursuit. Kiper teases the dogs around the track once. As they approach the finish line, the lure slows, and the dogs are allowed to catch the rabbit. Their teeth flash in the night as they tear at it. Frequently the first group of dogs doesn't kill the rabbit. The dying animal, blood spurting into the sand, gets another ride around the oval with fresh dogs in pursuit."

Letters of outrage began pouring into State Attorney General Robert Shevin's office. A month after the *Times* story appeared, Shevin ruled that using live rabbits to entice greyhounds to leave their starting boxes, capture the rabbits and inflict pain and suffering on them violated Florida's cruelty to animals statute which provides punishment for "whoever unnecessarily overloads, overdrives, tortures, torments . . . or cruelly beats, mutilates or kills any animal. . . ."

To greyhound trainers the key word was "unnecessarily." Oscar Duke Jr., dean of Florida trainers, filed a class-action suit in Dade County Circuit Court asking for an injunction against the attorney general's ruling on the grounds that "it is impossible to produce efficient, capable greyhounds to race at Florida tracks if the right to permit greyhounds to pursue wild rabbits is denied."

Duke does not mince words when the

subject of jackrabbits is brought up in his normally jovial presence. "Jackrabbits are no good for anything," he says emphatically. "Not for any thing. In Texas they run 'em into box canyons and beat 'em to death with clubs, and nobody screams about cruelty. In Florida you can take a .22-caliber rifle and knock a coon out of a tree, and have your dogs waiting under that tree to tear that coon to shreds, and it's legal, so what's illegal about coursing?"

Duke starts his greyhounds on live rabbits at the age of four months. "It's the first thing that's fun for a young greyhound," he says. "The chase, the kill. Take that away, and what have you got? A dog that won't race. No greyhound is going to chase a toy rabbit around a track unless he thinks it's real. They hunt by sight, not by scent. So when eight dogs chase a lure around a racetrack, they're not racing. They're running to kill."

Duke won his case in Miami when the circuit court ruled that because hunters

were allowed "without any reason or necessity" to kill rabbits with dogs, it would be a denial of equal protection under the law to prohibit greyhound trainers from doing the same, especially since it was a necessity. But in northern Florida, Richard Kiper and his Central Florida Greyhound College did not fare as well.

State Attorney Gordon Oldham brought a civil suit against Kiper in Ocala, contending that his training methods were a public nuisance. At the same time a bill was introduced in the state legislature making it a misdemeanor to use live animals in training racing greyhounds.

The bill was passed unanimously by the Senate but died in the House. Kiper lost in court, and was enjoined from allowing his greyhounds to mutilate and kill live rabbits. He was, however, given a year to find an alternative training method before the injunction took effect. He immediately appealed the decision, saying that there was no alternative method.

Kiper vehemently denied the story about his using a live "Easter bunny" on the lure of his training track. "The only reason we used a white rabbit at all is that we were short of jackrabbits that week," he said. "And that rabbit was dead before the race began."

Although Kiper recently won his appeal, his Central Florida Greyhound College went out of business because of the publicity generated. State Attorney Oldham is now taking the case to the Florida Supreme Court while the state attorney general's office prepares for another legislative campaign to get a bill passed outlawing the use of live animals in greyhound training.

Ed Souza, who has raced greyhounds for 40 years, sums up the owners' case. "There is no room for sentiment in this business," he says, watching his dogs at feeding time. "Horse racing, dog racing, same basic thing. What do you think happens to the losers at Pompano Harness Track? What do you think my dogs are eating right now?"

END

Us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch!



Tareyton is better/Charcoal is why
Tareyton's activated charcoal delivers a better taste.
A taste no plain white filter can match.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

King Size 20 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine
100 mg. 15 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette. FTC Report April 75.

Westward To The



Norman B. Allen

Long Forever



Three years ago Artist Tom Allen set out to follow the tracks of Frederic Remington, the Yale man who went West and brought back pictures that would last forever, the first body of popular work evocative of the sights, sounds and smells of America's final frontier. Allen wanted to visit Remington's West—his special places—and show how it looks today. He found that it had been profoundly and irrevocably altered. For instance, Allen says that in Arizona, "the only similarity that I could find was our mode of travel. He had a horse and I a Pinto. She got me there, but those cold mountain nights made her come up lame. There's not much of his Arizona left. Even the mountains have been rearranged by the copper industry."

CONTINUED



In the background is Allen's translation of a Remington painting called "The Buffalo Hunter." In the foreground Allen depicts the "present"—an illustration from an Oglala Sioux brochure advertising hunting parties for tourists.

The trail that Remington took through the Badlands is now a shoulderless highway strewn with hulks of cars left as rusting memorials to progress. They are far removed from the "dead cattle, a dead pony" that Remington saw.



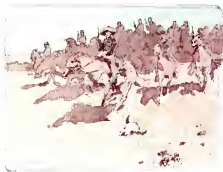
*In the tiny town of Scenic, S. Dak.
Allen found "the closest thing to what
I imagine the Old West was like." It
is a wooden building with a covered
porch and false front, built three years
before Remington's death in 1906.*





Now Hardin, Mont. has an up-to-date rodeo, but then it was a railhead to which Remington rode to catch a train.

He Went To See The West Die



Most critics ignore Remington as an artist, a few see him only as an interesting phenomenon in the history of American painting. Yet his works endure, brilliant artifacts from a bygone time, and one recently sold for \$175,000, a record for Western art.

by Robert Cantwell

Frederic Remington was afraid the world he wanted to picture would disappear before he could get it on canvas. "I knew the wild riders and the vacant land were about to vanish forever," he wrote, "and the more I considered the subject the bigger the Forever loomed."

The light was always fading. It is amazing how often Remington noted regretfully the end of day: "It grew dark . . ." or "watched through a glass, and the sun went down . . ." or "as the sun sank, the flight of ducks began," or "darkness now set in, and we plunged into the timber." He had to hurry. He once rode 248 miles in three days with a cavalry unit—36½ hours in the saddle. Thousands of miles of travel scarcely mattered if he was able to return home with hundreds of sketches to be worked up in his studio—drawings of frontiersmen, Indian scouts, Mexican cowboys, Negro cavalrymen, Indian dancers wearing buffalo masks, anything that

continued

One of a Kind.

He does more than survive. He lives. Because he knows.

He smokes for pleasure.

He gets it from the blend of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos in Camel Filters.

Do you?



Turkish and Domestic Blend

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

seemed likely not to make it into the long *Forever*.

Remington moved so fast that following his footsteps is like trying to track a fugitive from justice. And in some areas, as he suspected, all traces of him and his world have been obliterated. In the summer of 1888 he found the white tents of the 10th Cavalry pitched on Arizona's San Carlos Reservation and the long adobe buildings of the Indian agency set up on an immense plain beside the Gila River. On ration day, Indians for 40 miles around assembled to collect the quarters of beef the government distributed. Young bucks galloping past, girls parading in their best clothes, old chiefs solemnly shaking hands in imitation of white people, squaws loading flour and beef on burros, Indian scouts in uniform keeping order—Remington worked fast to record the scene, for Indians did not like to be sketched. He once was nearly tomahawked by a brave who disapproved.

You cannot trace Remington's path around the old San Carlos agency now. The land has been submerged for 40 years beneath the waters created by the Coolidge Dam.

There are places along the trails of his Western journeys where one is still conscious of silence, where the wind or the call of a crow is the only sound. But more often one is aware of how completely Remington's world has disappeared. Overlooking the spot where the artist saddled up with Casey's scouts is the Mount Rushmore National Memorial. Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt stare stonily across the plains and mountains and the roadside billboards that implore you to visit a wax museum of historical figures, take a helicopter ride for a close-up of the presidential features or visit Bedrock City, where you can see replicas of all the Flintstone characters. The trail where Remington followed the Sioux is now a shoulderless highway marked by wrecked automobiles.

The brick barracks of Fort Keogh, on the outskirts of Miles City, Mont., have been torn down to make way for a Range Livestock Experiment Station. On the way to Lame Deer, Mont. you ride through sagebrush and rattlesnake country, where yucca and pines grow beneath massive buttes and jutting parapets, but 70 miles farther on is Colstrip, once almost a ghost town, now revived because of the energy crisis. In the strip mines, huge shovels gouge the earth, filling trucks with one scoop. The trucks file off to the railroad tipples where lines of black coal cars make a sooty streak across the landscape. The Cheyenne on the reservation nearby squabble among themselves over the strip mining of their lands.

On the other side of Montana, along the Canadian border, the Blackfoot Reservation backs up to the Rocky Mountains and Glacier National Park. In Remington's time the park was within the reservation boundaries. The reservation still covers 1.5 million acres, with a population of 6,500 Indians and 2,000 whites. A pencil factory and a construction company are the only big industries owned by the Indians, although they do run a few small businesses. The Indian unemployment rate runs as high as 60%.

Farther south, at Cody, Wyo., the country looks like a Remington painting. The Big Horn basin, where he hunted with Theodore Roosevelt and William (Buffalo Bill) Cody, is a vast panorama of dead grass and red buttes, strikingly

similar to the color combinations that have come to be associated with Remington's work. The Irma Hotel, built by Cody for \$80,000 and named for his daughter, still stands, a reasonably well-preserved relic, its cherry-wood bar presented to Buffalo Bill by Queen Victoria. Remington often stayed there.

But near Globe, Ariz., outside the San Carlos Reservation, the Copper Hill Motel offers you a view of a squared-off mountain of tailings. An insectlike crane inches along the crest, building a mountain bucketful by bucketful. Junked cars cascade down nearby hillsides. Remington wrote, in an unpublished manuscript, "The Americans have gashed this country up so horribly with their axes, hammers, scrapers and plows that I always like to see a place they have overlooked."

It is as a chronicler and historian of the end of an era that Remington is famous, but he was also an easygoing illustrator of the beginning of one. Remington played in the first football game to capture national attention, Yale vs. Princeton in 1879; he played a part in transforming football from a privileged Eastern pastime to a national preoccupation. He saw harness racing develop from a county fair free-for-all to an organized metropolitan sport; he was on hand to sketch the opening of the Sheephead Bay track, which gave flat racing a fashionable backdrop. Remington painted football games, jockeys, polo players, horse shows, ice fishing, steeplechasing, fox hunting, tarpon fishing, duck shooting, moose hunting, deer stalking, canoeing, bicycle racing, quail shooting, bullfighting, rodeos, a grizzly hunt. If he had not become famous as a Western artist, he might have been remembered as a pioneer illustrator of the outdoors and the rise of amateur sport.

Remington began to sketch in 1876, when a student at Highland Military Academy in Worcester, Mass. He was 15 years old and under house arrest for some horseplay in the armory. While he was confined to quarters his roommate got a letter from a boy who was taking drawing lessons and who added sketches to his letter. Remington admired the sketches and wrote to the friend, volunteering to become a pen pal. "I don't amount to anything in particular," Remington wrote. "I don't swear much. . . I never smoke—only when I get treated. . . ." He offered to exchange sketches.

Remington's offer was accepted, and he started drawing school scenes, cartoons, self-portraits; eventually he did a painting of an irritated barbarian captured by a mean-looking Roman soldier.

Remington's father was the collector of customs at Ogdensburg, N.Y., a port of entry from Canada on the St. Lawrence River, but he was also a horseman, racing trotters and pacers. A track and fairgrounds had been built near the Remington home, and during vacations Frederic exercised and groomed his father's horses, learned to drive a sulky and sketched horses. Some of these early drawings have been preserved, along with a number of his school sketches. They are lively, often amusing, but Remington was not a prodigy.

richmond

Win a week of tennis for yourself and three friends. From Rapid-Shave®.

At the All American Tennis Academy, Amelia Island, Fla.



Now Rapid-Shave serves up the "Great Mixed Doubles Sweepstakes." What makes it great are the prizes.

First Prize is seven days and seven nights of tennis, tennis and more tennis. Including 4 hours of tennis instruction every day. All at the world-famous All American Tennis Academy at Amelia Island Plantation, off the Florida coast.

And it's first class all the way. First-class round trip air fare. Deluxe first-class private-pool villa accommodations. A free rental car. A total of \$800 in free tennis equipment at the pro shop. A total of \$1,000 in expense money.

All this and you take your favorite doubles partner and your favorite doubles opponents with you. On us. (That's what makes it the "Great Mixed Doubles Sweepstakes.")

Second Prize is hardly second rate. Because it's 100 Bancroft® Tear Drop tennis racquets.

Third Prize is 400 Bancroft® "Swinger" tennis bags. Entering is easier than double-faulting. Just follow the rules

and fill out the entry blank. Palmolive Rapid-Shave... Regular, Menthol, Lime or Cologne Scent. They all have that famous rich, luxurious Rapid-Shave lather to give you a smooth, great shave. After all, we want you to look good out there.

OFFICIAL PALMOLIVE RAPID-SHAVE "GREAT MIXED DOUBLES SWEEPSTAKES" ENTRY BLANK

Name

Address City & State Zip

Rapid-Shave Code Number (copy from bottom of can)

Official Rules:

1. To enter, complete the official entry form or, on a 3" x 5" piece of paper, print in block letters the words "RAPID-SHAVE MIXED DOUBLES," along with your name, address, and zip code. Mail each entry separately to "RAPID-SHAVE MIXED DOUBLES," P.O. Box 670, Maple Plain, Minnesota 55359.
2. Each entry must include the code number from the bottom of a Palmolive Rapid-Shave can or a 3" x 5" piece of paper on which you have hand-printed the words "Rapid-Shave Mixed Doubles" in block letters. No purchase is necessary. To be eligible, entries must be postmarked no later than September 30, 1975 and received by October 15, 1975.
3. Prizes will be determined in a random drawing conducted after the close of the promotion from all entries received. Drawings to be conducted by Promotional Marketing Corporation, an independent judging organization, whose decisions are final. All taxes, if any, are the sole responsibility of the winners. All prizes will be awarded. Prizes are non-transferable. Only one prize to any person or household. Vacation may be taken during the 1976 All American Tennis Academy's season (January 1-June 1 and September 1-December 31, 1976).
4. Sweepstakes open to residents of the continental United States, Alaska and Hawaii only, who are age 18 or older on September 10, 1975. Employees and their families of Colgate-Palmolive Company, its subsidiaries and affiliated companies, its advertising agencies, and judging agencies are not eligible. Sweepstakes void in Georgia, Missouri, and wherever else prohibited or restricted by law. All Federal, State, and local laws and regulations apply. Odds of winning will be determined by total number of entries received.
5. To obtain a list of winners, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to "Rapid-Shave Winners List," P.O. Box 115, Saugatuck Station, Westport, Conn. 06880 on or before October 15, 1975.

NO PURCHASE NECESSARY

©1975, Colgate-Palmolive Company



**Rapid-Shave wants you
to look good out there.**

His mother's family, the Suckriders, well-to-do conservative folk in Canton, N.Y., regarded Frederic's artistic aspirations indulgently. They regarded almost everything he did indulgently. Opposition came from his father's brother, Lamartine Z. Remington, who was "opposed to having any men artists in the family." Lamartine, chief clerk in the New York State Department of Public Instruction in Albany, wanted Frederic to have a political career. Thomas Platt, the Republican boss of New York State, was a family friend, and ultimately Frederic's father would become the political boss of St. Lawrence County.

But Frederic planned to go to Cornell and become a journalist who illustrated his pieces. Instead, in the fall of 1878, he wound up at Yale, Boss Platt's old school. The newly formed art department put Remington to work in a basement classroom copying a plaster cast of a faun. During his sophomore year Remington was a forward on the football team; Walter Camp, then a senior, was the captain.

Remington's first published drawing appeared on Nov. 2, 1878, in *The Yale Courant*. It depicted a battered player in his room, bandaged leg propped on a table amid bottles of liniment, saying, "The doctor says I'll be all right by Thanksgiving and that's all I care for now." The publication of the cartoon was an important occasion in Remington's life, for the *Courant* was edited by Poulinery Bigelow, a rich boy who was Remington's companion in drawing class and who thereafter claimed credit for launching Remington's career.

Early in the 1879 Yale-Princeton game Remington was buried in a mudfield pileup for at least 10 minutes, during which the ball did not move 10 feet in either direction. In those days the lines met in mass-collision plays, power and weight assaults, in which yardage—or melange—was slowly ground out. In an illustration in *Harper's Weekly*, Remington's earnest, honest face is clearly visible in a pyramid of struggling players near the Princeton goal. The artist had plenty of time to get his likeness: the Princeton line held for another 10 straining minutes without giving up more than two feet. The game ended in a 0-0 tie, and Remington came out of it a hero—or one of the lesser heroes, for Walter Camp was the star.

In August 1881 Remington took off for Montana. All his life Remington had a tendency to lose things; now, alone in the Montana wilderness, age 19, he managed to lose his horse. Ever after, in Remington's books and paintings, a man in the West without a horse was his ultimate image of desperation. "I by good luck made the camp-fire of an old wagon freighter who shared his bacon and coffee with me," he reported. During his long life he had followed the receding frontier, always further and further west. "And now," he said, "there is no more West. . . ." That was the night Remington began to think about the long Forever that lay beyond the wild riders and the vacant lands. "Without knowing exactly how to do it," he wrote, "I began to try to record some facts around me."

When Remington returned to Albany after five weeks in the wilds, he got an appointment with George William Curtis, editor of *Harper's Weekly*, showing him the sketches he

had made. Curtis bought one and had it redrawn by one of his staff. Published early in 1882, it was called *Cow-boys of Arizona—Roused by a Scout*. No one seemed to mind that Remington had yet to visit Arizona. In that same year a fraternity in St. Lawrence University in Canton published some Remington sketches of a class in surveying. He published no other work for three years.

On Oct. 4, 1882, his 21st birthday, Remington received a \$9,000 inheritance, and the following spring found himself owner of 160 acres adjoining a place owned by a Yale friend, some 200 miles southwest of Kansas City. The ranch was in low rolling hills and rough grassland, once the eastern verge of the buffalo range. The cavalry post of Fort Riley was north of the ranch, and the old Santa Fe Trail ran near it. There was a small dwelling, a good barn, a corral and outbuildings on tilted flatland. Remington loved the place. He made a watercolor of it, which was far superior to the work he had done before. He began work enthusiastically, mending fences and buying another 160 acres. In the summer he dredged water holes. By August the grass was sere under the hot winds. Fall was dry and cold, and he raced his horse, Terra Cotta, with his young neighbors. At night they collected in his ranch house, played cards by the light of a kerosene lamp, passing the time with "the horse talk so dear to a stockman's heart."

One of the neighbors owned greyhounds, and on a report that jackrabbits were as thick as tumbleweeds they decided to course rabbits. "I ate a light breakfast," Remington wrote, "and indeed the ranch larder helped me do that." Terra Cotta was "a nervous little half-breed Texas and thoroughbred, of a beautiful gold-dust color." When he put a light saddle on her, she knew it meant a sharp run and "in a moment she was in a tee-hee. . . . The gallop across the prairie was glorious. Terra Cotta's stride was steel springs under me as she swept along, brushing the dew from the grass. . . . and taking the bit smartly in her teeth, as though to say, 'Come on, let's have a run.'"

A rabbit was started. "Away scurried the jack, with his great ears standing up like two antique bed-posts. . . . He kept doubling and throwing the dog off, for he was evidently old game." Two riders stormed down a draw, Remington behind them. "The bank was worn away by a cattle path just wide enough for one. They bunted together, upsetting each horse and rider, while I galloped up the path between them. The huffs which overlooked the White-water bottoms lay off to the left some 40 rods, and toward them went the dog and rabbit, with me following pell-mell. When we arrived at the bluff, Terra Cotta could not be stopped. The incline was about 50 degrees, and well-sodded though lumpy, and Terra's knees bent under her at the first step downward. I lay on the ground for a moment. . . . and arose to find I was not hurt in the least. Terra got on her feet, shook herself, and looked foolish. I took her by the bridle, saying, 'Are you hurt, old girl?' As though to say 'Not a bit,' she turned about, and every muscle and bone answered its summons. The rabbit got away."

Remington and his friends, including an English remittance man who coursed rabbits in traditional fox-hunting garb, were not well regarded by the neighboring farmers. On Christmas Eve 1883 Remington's group decided to en-

continued

liven the program at the Plum Grove Church with a practical joke. They collected wood for a large bonfire, and when everyone else was in the church, lit it and yelled, "Fire!" The idea was that the people in the church would think the church was on fire and would be relieved when they rushed out and found it was only a joke. They rushed out all right, and arrested Remington and four companions, who were tried and fined. Peter Hassrick, the curator of the Amon Carter Museum of Western Art in Fort Worth and an authority on Remington, suggests that Remington may have been asked to leave town.

He left, whether told to or not. In Kansas City he sold his ranch and bought a third interest in the Bishop & Christie saloon and pool hall. Then he returned home, where he was written up as a successful young real-estate dealer. Perhaps this helped him gain the hand of Eva Carter, of Gloversville, N.Y., whose father had previously rejected him as a son-in-law. Back in Kansas City he rented a house, set up a small studio, played pool in his saloon and sketched.

Remington's facility for losing things was notorious, but how he managed to lose one-third of a saloon has never been explained. One theory is that the fine print in the partnership agreement covered only the physical premises, so when Bishop & Christie moved the saloon to a new location and left him with the empty building, there was nothing he could do about it. Another theory is that he gambled away his share. Whatever happened, he lost \$7,000.

Eva returned to her family in Gloversville. After a long ride through the Southwest and some prospecting in the Pinal Mountains of Arizona, not far from where the silver lode of Tombstone was found, Remington followed Eva to New York. He arrived with a portfolio of sketches and \$3. Eva met him in the city and they lived in a Brooklyn boardinghouse while Remington looked for work. In March 1885 *Harper's Weekly* published his drawing *Ejecting an "Okoloma Boomer"*—a farmer walking beside his mules, his family huddled on the wagon, escorted by Negro cavalymen and a white officer. That was all Remington was able to publish for another year.

His Uncle William Remington got him a job for \$65 a month in the office of

Boss Platt. Remington quit after working one hour. He studied drawing for a few months at the Art Students League. Nothing is known of how he and Eva lived, but he had some hope: the cover of *Harper's Weekly* on Jan. 9, 1886 was a Remington illustration for an article called *Indian Scouts on Geronimo's Trail*. It was rough and amateurish compared with the work of such *Harper's* masters as A. B. Frost and Winslow Homer, but it had an awkward strength and strangeness that evoked the menace of the desert scene. It suggested the covers of the dime novels that were then popular, but with an honest hazard instead of their fantasy terrors.

In May 1886 Remington set out on a material-gathering trip through Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona and northern Mexico. The Army was engaged in a campaign to capture Geronimo who had escaped from the San Carlos Reservation with a small band of Apaches. After a 200-mile chase across the border, a company of Negro soldiers ran into heavy gunfire from the Indians in Sonora. A young white officer, Lieut. Powhatan H. Clarke, left cover to rescue a wounded Negro corporal lying in the open under fire, an action that won him a Medal of Honor. The incident inspired Remington to execute a frontispiece for *Harper's Weekly*, which that year published 29 of his illustrations of the Apache campaign.

Back in New York by December he called at the office of Poultney Bagelow. Not yet disinherited by his father, Bagelow had purchased *Ouring Magazine*, formerly a bicycle journal, now feebly surviving as a magazine for amateur sportsmen. *Ouring* published Remington's sport scenes as well as his Western scenes. *Harper's* and other magazines began to do likewise, and the pattern of his working life was established.

The competition for his work drove Remington to step up his output; in 1887 *Harper's* and *Ouring* published 60 or more pages of his drawings. That year Remington was sent to western Canada, to Blackfoot Indian territory, where the government was experimenting with providing each Indian with rations and \$5 a year to compensate for the loss of the

buffalo as food. The great majority of Remington's sketches and paintings were Western scenes—Crow Indians firing on the agency in Montana, the interior of a Blackfoot lodge, Royal Canadian Mounted Police in action. But he also rendered peaceful scenes: coursing rabbits on his Kansas ranch, trolling for trout on Lake George in New York, the opening of the Sheephead Bay track. The cover of the Thanksgiving 1887 issue of *Harper's* was a Remington of the Yale football team in action—a runner tackled in the open, with five struggling figures fending one another off above the pair on the ground.

The next year *Century Magazine* commissioned Remington to undertake a series of illustrated articles on Indian reservations in the Southwest. A chain of forts had been built around San Carlos Reservation, and small parties of scouts were constantly dispatched from one fort to another to familiarize the men with the mountain trails, to watch for marauders and to let the Apaches know the Army was on hand. Remington went on a two-week ride with a party of scouts from Fort Grant, and he also rode into Colorado, and south into Texas and Indian Territory. At Hermosillo, Sonora, he took time from his military sketching to hunt peccaries—a little pig "about like a football," he wrote—with a group of Mexican cowboys. In New York again by fall he covered the steeplechase at Cedarhurst, the trotting races at Fleetwood and made a quiet drawing for *Harper's* called *Her First Muskallonge*, a girl in a boat staring with deadpan surprise at a fish she has hooked.

Theodore Roosevelt, then at the outset of his political career (and already battling with Platt), wanted his publishers to hire Remington to illustrate his book *Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail*. Although Remington was now unusually busy—some 135 drawings and paintings were published during 1888—he still found time to make his annual pilgrimage to the Yale-Princeton game. The Yale team that year included Pudge Hefelfinger and Alonzo Stagg, and Walter Camp considered it the best in football's young history.

Although now financially secure (he was earning at least \$25,000 a year), Remington worked harder than ever. Harold McCracken, who started a boom

continued

in Remington books with his *Frederic Remington: Artist of the Old West*, counted 2,739 Remington paintings and drawings dating from the 23-year period between 1886 and Remington's death in 1909. But after 1895, when Remington became interested in sculpture, and especially after 1898, when he was distracted from his usual course of work by the Spanish-American War, his production slackened; 1,800 or more illustrations were published between 1886 and 1896, an average of one every two days.

How did Remington accomplish it? For one thing, his hunting and fishing scenes and his sports paintings were a welcome relief from the almost unbearable tension of his Western trips and his feeling that he was depicting something that was fading before his eyes. For another, his daily routine was grueling. At home he rose at six, had breakfast at seven and worked steadily until three. He sang, whistled, talked to himself, swore and grumbled as he worked. Then he rode for an hour, rested, and, if the work did not require daylight, went back to his studio after dinner. After two or three months of this he found he could not face his studio and took off, sometimes without knowing where he would go. Once he ran the Neocochee River in Canada in a 16-foot canoe, through some 31 miles of primeval forest in which the river dropped 1,100 feet. Another time he persuaded two friends, a lawyer and a businessman, to take a three-week canoe trip to the chain of lakes above the Lake Temiscamiquette River in Quebec, of which he wrote, "Then came the river and the rapids, which we ran, darting between rocks, bumping on sunken stones—shooting fairly out into the open air . . ." One night in the Players Club in New York Julian Ralph, an amiable, unadventurous essayist, told the story about a poet-hunter who never fired a shot. Remington said, "Your poet would not know which end of a gun to aim with. But I'll make a hunter of you . . . We'll start tomorrow morning." They bought some clothes in Montreal, traveled by train to Mattawa in central Ontario, picked up supplies, rode a horse-drawn sleigh for two days to a wilderness cabin and were

continued

"Get it on, together."

"When it's time for some easy listening, my daughter Nancy and I get it on together with the Sound of Koss. And this year, the engineers at Koss made that sound better than ever with an all new Deculite™ driver assembly. It's the first High Velocity driver element to deliver all 10 audible octaves, and it's featured in the

new Koss HV, 1a and HV/LC Stereophones that we're wearing.

"So take a tip from old 'Doc' and get it on together with the new Koss High Velocity Stereophones and a Koss Listening Station. Just ask for a live demonstration of your Audio Specialist. And tell 'em 'Doc sent you'."



KOSS stereophones

from the people who invented Stereophones.

KOSS CORPORATION, 4020 B St., Fort Washington, Pa., 19034, (215) 631-1100
Koss S.F., Milan, Italy • Koss GmbH, Munich



**Photography
the Yashica
way.**

A true system camera at a far lower price. With IC Computer Brain for accurate exposure control in any light. A precision shutter with speeds from 1 sec. to 1/1000 sec.

That's the Yashica TL Electro. It's simple to use because we haven't forgotten what photography is all about. People. Places. A time in your life you always want to remember.

Photography the Yashica way. We think it's photography the right way.

When you try it, we think you'll agree.



YASHICA

90-11, Jinhua Bldg., Wuyue, N.Y. 11792 • (212) 460-5100

See the full line of Yashica cameras & photographic Yashica dealer

TL-ELECTRO

snowbound for five days. Ralph eventually got his moose.

The range of Remington's travels for sport was doubly remarkable in view of his Indian travels. He shot blue quail in Mexico, caribou on the Little Saguenay in Quebec and traveled to New York's Genesee Valley to paint hunters being schooled for the horse show. The longest and the most rewarding of these journeys was to a hacienda near Chihuahua—a week by train, five days by stagecoach through the mountains, a week on horseback. There Jack Gilbert, an Arizona cowboy, had rebuilt an old Jesuit outpost destroyed by Apaches. Remington said his fevered brain was taken by the simple way Gilbert lived, the marvelous color of the country, the country he loved. He felt that he was back at last in the Old West, "and while I gazed I grew exalted. . . . I sat on a mudbank and worked at a sketch of the yellow sunlit walls. . . . There lies the hacienda of San José de Bavcora, gray and silent on the great plain, with the mountains standing guard against intruders, and over it the great blue dome of the sky untroubled by clouds. . . . But one must be appreciative of it all, or he will find a week of rail and a week of stage and a week of horseback all too far for one to travel to see a shadow across the moon."

There was often a lightness and charm in Remington's vacation paintings, as there was in the casual travel notes that accompanied them. He described drenched canoeists wrapped in blankets after being spilled, but did not draw them. "A white man in a blanket," he wrote, "is about as inspiring as an Indian with a plug hat." He watched kingfishers, herons, mink and deer, and the river ahead of his canoe. "In front the gray sky is answered back by the water reflection, and the trees lie as though hung in the air, always receding." That sort of tranquility contrasted starkly with the terrible urgency of his Western travels. In 1890—the same year in which he and Ralph explored the Canadian wilderness, and in which he published another 100-odd paintings and drawings—Remington accompanied a military commission investigating Indian reservations in Montana. He rode with General Nelson Miles, soon to become commander in chief of the U.S. Army. Remington weighed 215 pounds, and went directly

from his studio to the field. Long experience with the cavalry had made him aware of its practice of *hazing* civilian observers, but General Miles' endurance dumfounded him. Riding from Fort Keogh to the Crow agency at Fort Custer, they covered 60 miles the first day, 45 miles the second, 60 miles the third (with time out for the general to go over the battlefield at Little Big Horn and analyze Custer's mistakes), then 36 miles back to the railroad, much of this last by night. "You cannot see," Remington wrote. "You whirl through a canyon cut in the mud; you plow through the sagebrush and over rocks clatter and bang. The general is certainly a grim old fellow."

Returning to New York, Remington relayed by covering the horse show at Madison Square Garden in a series of elegant, almost silken watercolors. Later old Sitting Bull, the conqueror of General Custer, was killed by Indian police at the Standing Rock Reservation. Remington hurried back West.

With every trip Remington realized the West had changed. In 1900 he wrote to his wife from Santa Fe, "Shall never come West again. It is all brick buildings—derby hats and blue overhauls—it spoils my early illusions—and they are my capital."

But he came West again, many times, although the sense of mission that dominated his early trips was lacking. And sometimes he wrote with self-mockery of his illusions. Invited to shoot ducks and prairie chickens in North Dakota, he found it mildly ironic to be riding in a luxurious private railway car with wealthy businessmen and retired generals who "interrupted conversations by recalling to each other's memory where some acres of men were slain." With General Miles he hunted grizzlies on the New Mexican ranch of an English sportsman. They rode for three days into rough mountain country, with cavalymen, ranch hands, escort wagons, pack trains and bloodhounds. Remington felt uncomfortable about hunting on those terms, though it was not unsportsmanlike, for only "the most desperate riding will bring you up with a bear in the awful country they affect." But when he saw

the silvertip run to exhaustion and roped and shot ("Why didn't you brand him and turn him loose?" he asked), he was glad he had not killed a bear. "One never heard of a bear which traveled all the way from New Mexico to Chicago to kill a man," he wrote.

He was increasingly dissatisfied with the quality of his own paintings. Two foreign trips failed to stimulate him. The first was a result of Poulitney Bigelow's wild plan to take a 2,500-mile canoe trip down the length of the Volga. They went first to North Africa, then crossed the Mediterranean and made their way up to St. Petersburg, where they were ordered out of the country by the secret police. They were accused of making drawings and taking photographs of soldiers.

The other foreign trip arose when William Randolph Hearst hired Remington to go to Cuba and report on the impending war. This was the celebrated occasion when Remington cabled back that he could find no war, and Hearst replied, "You furnish the pictures, I'll furnish the war." Remington saw a great deal of action during the Spanish-American War and wrote of it brilliantly, but he found he could no longer face the sustained impact of violence.

Art critics rarely discuss Remington's merits as an artist, but every sale of Western art produces news about the prices paid for his work. Last October a fairly standard Remington, an oil of a cowboy and a bucking bronco, sold at auction for \$175,000, a record for Western American art. In 1895 Remington produced his first bronze sculpture, *The Bronco Buster*, and casts of it sold for \$250. Several years later he nearly destroyed one of his bronzes, *Coming Through the Rye*, when he had difficulty with the casting. Fortunately, he was restrained. Recently a cast of this was sold for \$125,000. Among the decorations of the elegant and discerning 21 Club in New York are 26 Remingtons; in 1969, when the restaurant was nearly sold for \$10 million, the purchase price included the Remingtons, valued at \$1 million.

On the other hand, critical weariness with Remington's paintings, or those of his contemporary, Charles Russell, has grown with each sale. "There are, if not thousands, then hundreds of people who would be willing to pay a dollar to avoid

a Remington-Russell exhibition," said a *New York Times* critic. "Thus observer finds Remington and Russell virtually nonexistent as artists, but interesting as phenomena in the history of American art."

But how could the two be separated? If ever an artist was shaped by his material, Remington was, and the quality of his work was directly related to his concept of American life and history. He was dominated by a belief, a sense of mission. In the end Remington came to recognize that his concept of the West was an illusion, or partly an illusion, but he needed his illusions to continue. And the time came when his illusions failed to keep him going.

The recommended remedy when illusions end is to get back to the truth, and for Remington the truth was in landscape painting, wonderful little semi-abstracts, as far as possible from the melodramatic shooting-and-riding Western scenes. But the image of Remington as a hard-riding adventurer was too strong in the public mind, and perhaps in his own as well. He said people would not let him do landscapes. "Got me pigeon-holed in their minds, you see," he said, "want horses, cowboys, out-West things—won't believe me if I paint anything else."

He wrote a novel, *John Ermine of the Yellowstone*, partly a conventional popular-magazine romance of a white man who had been raised by an Indian and the daughter of an Army major, partly a vivid account of barracks life and mountain adventure. It was unusual in its offhand manner, a byproduct tossed off by an astonishingly gifted man in a field that was not his own, as though written not because Remington considered himself a novelist but to suggest what he thought more experienced writers should bring to their work.

He began to destroy many of his paintings. Now too heavy to ride, he ate enormously, starting the day with a breakfast of pigs' knuckles and six lamb chops. Warned against drinking, he drank heavily, fortifying himself with nips of whiskey while he painted. In the winter of 1907 he noted in his diary, "Burned every old canvas in house today—out on the snow. About 75—and there is nothing

left but my landscape studies." He died on Dec. 26, 1909, after an operation for appendicitis.

One reason for regarding Remington as a social phenomenon is the influence of his work—not on other artists but on the general public and on artisans in other fields. Some of his paintings fixed an image of the West on a generation—such scenes as *Fight for the Waterhole*, a world of yellow sand and gray mountains, with five trapped plainsmen firing at circling Indians, or *A Dash for the Timber*, eight frontiersmen riding hell-bent for the protection of the woods ahead of a band of Apaches. "Such violent scenes as these," said Museum Director McCracken, "were the source and inspiration of our Western movies." It is true that you can see the genesis of such film masterpieces as *Stagecoach* in Remington's marvelous *The Old Stage Coach of the Plains*—six horses and a Butterfield coach curving down a narrow ridge road in the moonlight, almost an abstraction of black shapes and silver-flecked shadows.

Individual Remington paintings rarely make the impact they made on his contemporaries, but when they are viewed together, as in the Amon Carter Museum in Fort Worth or in The Hogg Brothers Collection in the Museum of Fine Arts in Houston, they glow on the walls in their flaming red and yellow brilliance like polished ingots, or like golden artifacts preserved in the treasure-house of some vanished civilization.

So much attention has been concentrated on Remington as the creator of these works that it may be time to look at another side of his labor—or, rather, at the pleasant, carefree side of sport and the outdoors that was not labor. At those times he was not goaded by a fear of his subject vanishing, and the scenes he painted did not leave him with a sense of loss. Rather, his painter's eye was rewarded, as he wrote of one of his canoe trips: "The colors play upon the senses—the reddish-yellow of the birch-barks, the blue of the water, and the silver sheen as it parts at the bows of the canoes; the dark evergreens, the steady rocks with their lichens, the white trunks of the birches, and over all the gold of a sunny day. It is my religion, this thing, and I do not know how to tell all I feel concerning it."

END



Sports Illustrated Superstar Posters

2 FEET X 3 FEET \$2.00 EACH

Soccer

- ☐ Pete 15C2
- ☐ Joe Greene 13N75
- ☐ Kyle Rote Jr. 15C1
- ☐ Harold Jackson 8N29

Baseball

- ☐ Lou Brock 10N4
- ☐ Bill Kimer 16N17
- ☐ Reggie Jackson 9A3
- ☐ Merlon Olsen 8N74
- ☐ Pete Rose 3N1
- ☐ Alan Page 9N83
- ☐ Tom Seaver 6N1
- ☐ Jim Plunkett 1A16

Tennis

- ☐ Ken Stabler 5A12
- ☐ Arthur Ashe 172
- ☐ Roger Staubach 5N12

Basketball

- ☐ Rick Barry 8K562
- ☐ Red Laver 171
- ☐ Dave Cowens 3B2
- ☐ John Newcombe 176
- ☐ Julius Erving 17B1
- ☐ Stan Smith 174
- ☐ Walt Frazier 9B2

Football

- ☐ Fred Biletnikoff 5A25
- ☐ Earl Goodrich 8K501
- ☐ Larry Brown 16N43
- ☐ John Hascick 3B1

Please send me the Superstar posters I've checked at \$2.00 each or at your special offer of 3 for \$5.00 (and \$1.50 for each additional poster) I've indicated how many of each I want.

I enclose \$_____ for _____ posters plus 75¢ to cover postage and handling.

☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order

Note: These big full-color posters are rolled and shipped in crush-proof tubes to prevent damage.

Sports Illustrated
P.O. Box 13859, Philadelphia, Pa. 19101

Name _____ (please print)

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

(Please allow 3-4 weeks for delivery)

SI 11

Don't give your money away.

Compare costs when buying life insurance.

Knowing how to buy is one realistic answer to inflation. And, because life insurance is a major investment for most families, it's important that you know that different companies don't charge the same for similar straight life policies. Even if the payment plans look alike, the true cost of one can be two, even three, times as much as another over your lifetime.

So when we say "compare life insurance costs", we mean costs. Not your premium payments. Payments frequently do not reflect the true cost of life insurance. There are other factors to consider. Adjustments for dividends and anticipated cash values, to name just two.

Because The Bankers Life of Des Moines believes you're entitled to as much protection as possible for your life insurance dollar, we're offering two timely booklets that can keep you from giving your money away. One answers the 50 most often asked questions about life insurance; the other shows how to compare companies and their costs.

Neither tells you *what* or *from whom* to buy but they will make you knowledgeable enough to become a smart buyer.

The coupon brings you both copies free by mail. No one will call. We figure the more you know, the more likely you are to call us.

THE BANKERS LIFE

BANKERS LIFE COMPANY, DES MOINES, IOWA 50307

Individual and group life, health and disability programs. Pension and profit sharing investment plans. A subsidiary: BLC Security Services. Corporation of ten mutual funds and variable annuities through registered representatives.



The Bankers Life, Consumer Services
Des Moines, Iowa 50307

C85

Please mail me copies of your booklets on how to be an informed life insurance buyer.

Name

Address

City

State Zip



THE FORBES CASE

Sir:

The mistrial in the Dave Forbes case (*A Nondecision Bites the Question*, July 28) satisfied none of the participants. However, in terms of justice and extrajudicial impact the result may have been the most appropriate one. To acquit Forbes would have had the effect of condoning a brutal act by one man against another. To convict him would have singled out Forbes for punishment for behavior differing in only slight degree, if at all, from that conditioned since childhood in most hockey players. Such behavior is both expected and rewarded by pro hockey management, which knows its value in increased ticket sales, television revenue, etc.

A significant, positive by-product of the proceedings is the media and public attention being given to hockey violence. Though the jury was unable to reach a unanimous decision, the knowledge that a majority was prepared to vote for conviction on aggravated assault is important as an expression of public response. All this should put added pressure on professional hockey to clean up its operations. The case might also encourage coaches and players at other levels of the game to think about the effect of violence on themselves and on their sport. And maybe fans will try to figure out what need in themselves is served by paying money to cheer on men who are bloodying one another.

ROBERT GAFFIN

Winoski, Vt.

Sir:

I cannot see how Forbes could possibly be found innocent. Forbes' attorney stated that all boxers would be guilty of assault. Wrong. Hitting is the object of their sport. A boxer would be guilty of assault if he pounded an opponent lying on the canvas, which is expressly against the rules. Any athlete assumes that his fellow athletes will follow the rules, at least to a degree. If a sport allowed for killing, its participants would forfeit their right to prosecute for murder. If hockey rules had permitted conduct such as Forbes displayed, there would be no case. However, they don't. But "that's hockey, right?"

MIKE POLLOCK

Eaton, Ohio

Sir:

If the district attorneys' offices throughout the country spent as much time vigorously

prosecuting criminals as has been spent trying to prosecute Dave Forbes, there would be less crime.

I think what Forbes did was inexcusable. If the NHL made its penalties for flagrant stick violations stiffer, such violations would no longer occur. But it is up to the NHL, not the district attorney's office. This is far too dangerous a precedent to set.

KEVIN WOOLCOCK

Jacksonville, Fla.

Sir:

If Dave Forbes is convicted, they may as well drag in every hockey player in the U.S. and Canada and convict each one. What's more, they should put every contact sport on trial.

LEE HUNNAKER

Amherst, N.H.

SELLING POINTS

Sir:

The article on Don Canham (*No Death for a Salesman*, July 28) was superb, but it left out the smartest move that Canham ever made—hiring Bo Schembechler as head football coach of the University of Michigan. Bo was virtually unknown on the national scene, although he had a fine record at Miami of Ohio when Canham picked him in 1969. He has become the winningest coach in college football (58-7-1). His Wolverine teams have not lost a home game since 1969, having gone unbeaten in 35 straight.

Canham is a master merchandiser, but Bo Schembechler has given him the No. 1 product to sell: winning football.

ROGER STANTON

Publisher

Football News-Basketball Weekly

Grosse Pointe, Mich.

Sir:

What a man! University of Michigan Athletic Director Don Canham is the messiah who has come to save intercollegiate sports from oblivion. Frank Deford has written a fascinating tale of campus big business that would impress the gnomes of Zurich.

TOM WAKO

Chicago

Sir:

We were pre-dental and pre-medical students at the University of Michigan. We both had participated in track in high school and felt we had talent. Coach Don Canham gave us an audience that consisted of two questions—which track events were we

talking about, and what were our best times in each.

After we had answered, he sat behind his desk smiling, asked what academic fields we were pursuing, and then said with a grin, "Gentlemen, study hard, get into medical and dental school and forget track. We have coeds at the U of M who can do a lot better than either of you."

Canham is not only a superior AD but a superior person.

D. B. BOYD, D.D.S.

ED SMITH, M.D.

Grand Rapids

RIGHT FORMULA

Sir:

As an avid Formula 1 fan, I greatly appreciated the article on Nicki Lauda (*In the Main the Race Was a Pain*, July 28). He is a fine driver who will probably be world champion soon, if not this year. His 1975 showing has been phenomenal, though he lacks the smoothness of an Emerson Fittipaldi to pose a constant threat.

However, Lauda's winning ways have not been the only noteworthy events of this year. For example, Lella Lombardi of Italy became the first woman ever to score points by finishing sixth in the Spanish Grand Prix. Also, when James Hunt of England won the Dutch Grand Prix in Lord Hesketh's car, the entry became the first privately entered winner since Rob Walker's. In these days of factory-backed cars and rich, moving-billboard sponsors, Hunt's victory especially stands out.

ROBERTO DIAS

Flushing, N.Y.

FELL RUNNER

Sir:

Murrah for British runner Jess Naylor (*His Heart's in the High Land*, July 28). I am 38 years old and similarly affected (one spinal disc removed and constant sciatic pain), and Clive Gammon's story on Naylor gave me more therapy than anything to date.

While not as ambitious as Naylor, I've found that long-distance hiking eases my leg pains considerably. I predict Naylor will become a hero to thousands of us old "runned back" guys who refuse to give up.

ROBERT G. CAMPBELL

Indianapolis

Address editorial mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

Did you know there's a way to STOP advertising mail you don't want?

You can now get your name off—or on—advertising mailing lists by writing the Mail Preference Service of the Direct Mail/Marketing Association



By CELIA WALLACE

Whether you realize it or not, you are exposed to over 300 advertising messages per day while you watch TV, read newspapers and magazines and ride the highways. And there is no easy way to "turn off" these messages.

But if you don't want to receive advertising mail, there's a simple, effective way to stop most of it. Just contact the Direct Mail/Marketing Association (DMMA), a group of businesses that use mail to advertise their products and services, and they'll send you a name-removal form.

Think you want to be taken off mailing lists?

According to Robert F. DeLay, President of the DMMA, once you've returned the name-removal form you should notice a substantial decrease in the amount of mail advertising you receive. "But," he added, "very often people take steps to get their names removed from mailing lists, objecting to what they consider 'junk mail.' But then later decide maybe it isn't so bad after all when they consider some of the good offers that come through unsolicited third class mail. Such as catalogs, new product samples, chances at sweepstakes, introductory offers from magazines, and coupons that knock a dime or so off prices at the supermarket or drugstore."

However, for those who decide they *still* don't want to be bothered by advertising mail, Mr. DeLay assures that their names will be removed from the lists of many DMMA member companies who conduct most large-scale mail adver-

tising campaigns. "It's just too expensive to waste on people who don't want it," he says.

MPS also enables you to be added to lists.

If, on the other hand, you feel you don't get your fair share of mail offers, the DMMA offers another service to get your name *on lists*

that will make you a candidate to receive more offers in special interest areas such as arts and crafts, books, investments, clothing, sports, travel and gardening.

Both services are offered to the public by the DMMA in an effort to make shopping by mail more enjoyable.

If you want to take advantage of either of these services offered by the DMMA, simply send the coupon below for a free application or write the association at 6 East 43rd Street, New York, New York 10017.



MAIL TO: DIRECT MAIL/MARKETING ASSOCIATION

6 East 43rd Street Dept. 5
New York, New York 10017

- ☐ **STOP IT!** I don't want to be on anyone's "list."
Please send me a Name-Removal Form.
- ☐ **SEND ME MORE!** I'd like more mail on my favorite interests and hobbies. Send me an "Add On" Form.

PRINT NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

5209/13

stress



It can dump Sunday and Monday quarterbacks alike.

How to block it. Try STRESSSTABS 600 High Potency Stress Formula Vitamins, a unique vitamin product especially formulated to treat vitamin deficiencies resulting from physiological stress. Injuries, chronic overwork, an infection, fever, too many martinis lunches, a bad cold, dieting, may cause nutritional deficiencies. Doctors recommend STRESSSTABS 600 in physiological stress to help replace these deficiencies and maintain good nutritional balance.

Why stress can rob you of vitamins

Stress can upset your body's equilibrium and greatly increase your need for the water soluble vitamins, B-complex and C. Why these? Unlike the other vitamins,

your body doesn't stockpile them for emergency use. Under stress, your body may use up more of these essential B and C vitamins than your daily meals provide. STRESSSTABS 600 is a therapeutic vitamin formulation that includes 600 mg. of Vitamin C. It satisfies your body's above normal water soluble vitamin needs by providing above normal quantities.

Vitamin B1	15 mg
Vitamin B6	15 mg
Vitamin B12	5 mcg
Vitamin B1	5 mcg
Vitamin C	600 mg
Niacinamide	100 mg
Vitamin E (as d Alpha Tocopheryl Acid Succinate)	30 Units
Calcium Pantothenate	20 mg

And it's easily available. You can buy STRESSSTABS 600 at all drugstores without a prescription. Ask your pharmacist about it.

Stresstabs 600

High Potency Stress Formula Vitamins



A product of Lederle Laboratories

New from Philip Morris.

Saratoga 120's.

Enjoy smoking longer without smoking more.



That's the Saratoga idea.

More puffs than 100's.
Longer and slimmer than 100's
for extra smoking time and
pleasure, without smoking
more cigarettes.

Priced no more than 100's.
Rich, full-flavor cigarettes
made from fine tobaccos.

More than just a new brand.
Saratoga 120's are a whole
new idea in smoking pleasure.
Look for them in the new
120 mm crush-proof box.

Menthol and Regular.



"It's like if they invented
a gasoline that increased your
mileage at no extra cost."

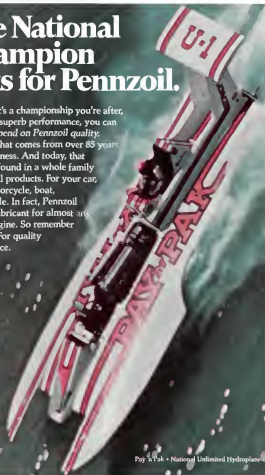


16 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

The National Champion asks for Pennzoil.

Whether it's a championship you're after, or simply superb performance, you can always depend on Pennzoil quality. The kind that comes from over 85 years in the business. And today, that quality is found in a whole family of Pennzoil products. For your car, truck, motorcycle, boat, snowmobile. In fact, Pennzoil makes a lubricant for almost any kind of engine. So remember Pennzoil. For quality performance.



Pay 'n Pak • National Unlimited Hydroplane Champion • Owner—Dave Hyerensperger

Whatever you drive, wherever you go, Pennzoil is worth asking for.

